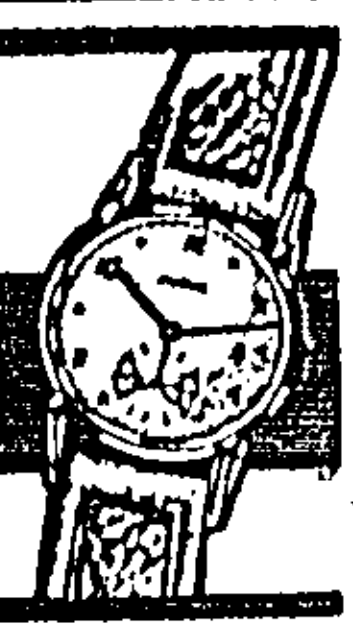




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Battered To Death

Sydney, Dec. 15. Mrs. Edith Hill, a wealthy 70-year-old widow, who was found battered to death in her luxury flat last night, was murdered for her jewels, the police said today.

Detectives searching the flat found jewellery worth £25,000 and gems sewn into the lounge suite and in other secret places. But other jewellery worth many thousands of pounds was missing.

Mrs. Hill has been trading in jewellery for the last 20 years and on special occasions wore displays worth £20,000.—Reuter.

NEW MOVE TO REMOVE ACHESON

Washington, Dec. 15. The House Republicans on Friday adopted a resolution for the removal of Secretary of State Dean Acheson.

They charged he had lost the confidence of Congress and the people.

House Republican leader Joseph Martin Jr. said the resolution was adopted "overwhelmingly but not unanimously" in a closed conference.

The Senate Republicans are considering a similar resolution, but have disagreed on how it should be worded.

The House Republican resolution said: "The confidence of the American people in their leadership is essential to our security. It is completely obvious that Secretary Acheson and the State Department under his leadership have lost the confidence of Congress and the American people, and cannot regain it. Recognizing this fact, we earnestly insist for the good of our country, that Mr. Acheson be dismissed as Secretary of State, and that there be a thorough house cleaning in the State Department, and that changes be made in the personnel and policies responsible for this lack of confidence."

Mr. Martin said a motion to recommend the resolution to the Republican Policy Committee was "overwhelmingly" adopted. He said the resolution will be sent to President Truman, but that no effort will be made to have it approved by the House.

The State Department refused comment on the Republican resolution, but Administration spokesmen said Mr. Acheson was standing firm on his earlier refusal to quit under fire.—United Press.

Support For Big Defence Vote

Washington, Dec. 15. The House of Representatives Appropriations Committee today urged Congress to grant the entire \$16,845,181,000 asked by President Truman to speed up national defence.

It did not cut a single cent from any of the extra funds requested for defence after Chinese Communist forces launched their successful offensive in North Korea.

But the Committee trimmed the amount for the Atomic Energy Commission by \$210 million.

The new allotment for the Army, the Navy and the Air Force would increase the defence appropriations to almost \$42,000 million for the fiscal year ending next June 30.

The Committee said that the cut of \$210 million in funds for the Atomic Energy Commission would not affect the programme for stepping up production of atomic weapons.

It said the Commission had not yet acquired sites for all of its planned construction and that its budget estimates were yet indefinite. It promised extra funds when needed.—Reuter.

Successful Clean-Up

Paris, Dec. 15. A "cleaning-up" operation started by the French forces north of Hanoi yesterday has successfully cleared Vietnamese insurgent forces from an area between Duchang and the No. 1 colonial road, according to a French Military Headquarters spokesman in Saigon quoted by the French press agency today.

This had been an assembly area for Vietnamese guerrillas. Villages fortified by the guerrillas were destroyed and a considerable quantity of arms was captured.

These operations extended to the south of Bac Ninh, which is on the No. 1 colonial road. Elsewhere in Indo-China operations were confined to patrols and local engagements.

Vietnamese casualties yesterday were estimated at 68 killed, wounded or captured.—Reuter.

Winter Visits London



Blood Transfusions Bring Life After Death

Turin, Dec. 15. Two persons pronounced dead on the operating table have been returned to life by blood transfusions into the brain, according to Professor Mario Dogliotti, Director of the Clinical Surgery at Turin University.

Professor Dogliotti disclosed his sensational method in a talk before the Turin Rotary Club yesterday. The surgeon, the press reports said, explained that he and his co-workers have developed a technique of injecting blood into one of the two carotid arteries at the neck which carry blood to the brain.

He pointed out, medical science has been able to bring a person back to life in cases of "latent" or "apparent" death, that is, if the blood circulation had not entirely stopped, although the heart had ceased beating.

In such cases, heart massage and endocardiac injections had sometimes proved successful, he stated.

Professor Dogliotti cited two cases in which he claimed his new technique has succeeded in reviving persons who had been pronounced dead.

In the first case, a woman died while he operated on her to remove a tumour. When all known methods of resuscitation failed, he tried endocardiac transfusion.

The woman returned to life within a few seconds, Professor Dogliotti was quoted as saying.—Reuter.

Hongkong Businessmen Snubbed

PI Govt's Action Criticised

Manila, Dec. 15. Senator Camilo Osias has criticised the Philippine government for refusing to permit a group of Hongkong Chinese to survey business conditions here.

Osias, a member of the Nationalista Party which opposes President Elpidio Quirino's Administration, told newsmen upon his return from a trip to Hongkong that the Philippines have lost an opportunity of acquiring economic help.

He said members of a Hongkong Chinese Chamber of Commerce group who were refused visas to enter the Philippines recently were financiers and might have invested money here.

Osias said the Philippines have earned a bad reputation in Hongkong because of frequent reports of murder, graft and corruption.—Associated Press.

SMALL FIRE AT FACTORY

Two weaving machines of the Ng Yee Hing Weaving and Dyeing Factory, 302, Matawei Road, ground floor, Hunghom, caught fire shortly after midnight last night.

Three appliances from Mongkok Fire Brigade and a Police van were called for, but the fire was put out by the factory workers before the appliances arrived.

Anglo-Egyptian Parleys

London, Dec. 15. A joint statement issued in London tonight by the Egyptian Foreign Minister, Salah el Din Bey, and Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Foreign Minister, at the conclusion of their meetings here announced that the Egyptian Foreign Minister would be shortly leaving for Cairo for personal consultations with the Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain.

It added that the Egyptian Foreign Minister plans to return to London to continue talks with Mr. Bevin on the revised Egyptian proposal for the settlement of the Suez Canal question.

London had its first snowstorm of the winter a week ago as this picture illustrates. In the sentry box outside Buckingham Palace is one of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards who only recently returned to England from service in Malaya.—AP Picture.

Whole Of Britain Ice-Bound

London, Dec. 15. The whole of Britain was ice-bound today with temperatures well below freezing point during the night.

Several ships have sent out distress signals in mountainous seas off the west coast of France in the past 24 hours. The Greek ship Agios Spyridon entered Brest Harbour after being towed to the tug Abellio-25. The steamer had lost three men at sea and several members of its crew were injured.

The Italian ship Brucella Tutto had lost three men when it radioed for assistance and gave its position as 47 degrees North and 8 degrees West.

The Spanish vessel, Carlo Lerida, was in distress in position, 45 degrees 30 mins. North and 5 degrees 50 mins. West.—Reuter.

HIT BY BLIZZARD
Boulogne, Dec. 15. This Channel port was struck by a blizzard today which covered the town with a 12-inch blanket of snow in five hours.

Trams and buses were at a standstill. In the surrounding countryside snow was reported up to three feet deep. Snow is seldom seen in Boulogne.—Reuter.

SINGAPORE CALL-UP

Kuala Lumpur, Dec. 15. Regulations affecting the call-up of all nationalities in Malaya will be promulgated this week-end, Sir Henry Gurney, the British High Commissioner to the Federation of Malaya, said here today.

He also announced that the Chief Justice of Malaya, Mr. E. W. F. Foster Sutton, had been appointed Director of Manpower.

Sir Henry said it was "the will of the people" that the emergency in Malaya must end next year. He stated that the British Government had made a gift of \$10,000,000 to meet the cost of raising two further battalions of the Malay Regiment. The gift was made "in recognition of the increasing part the Malayan people were anxious to play in their own defence against external and internal aggression.—Reuter.

PERFECT COLOUR DIAMOND FOUND

Johannesburg, Dec. 15. A large diamond "of perfect colour and good shape" and valued at over £200,000 has been found at the Premier Diamond Mine, near Pretoria. It was discovered here today.

The diamond weighs 155 carats. The Premier Mine reopened after this year after a 10-year closure.

Truman To Proclaim A National Emergency Today

Washington, Dec. 15.

President Truman will definitely declare a state of national emergency on Saturday. He also will issue an executive order establishing a new Office of Defence Mobilisation to be headed by Charles E. Wilson.

This information was made available at the White House only a few hours before President Truman's radio and television broadcast to the nation at 10.30 p.m. EST on Friday night. He was to outline the military and economic price that America must pay for resisting Communism.

Informed sources said that President Truman on Saturday will follow up his speech by: 1. Issuing an executive order setting up the Office of Defence Mobilisation of which Mr. Wilson, President of the General Electric Company, will be Director; 2. Proclaiming a state of national emergency. President Truman is expected to take both of these steps by noon on Saturday.

Associates of the President said the new Office of Defence Mobilisation will be similar to the World War II Office of War Mobilisation and Reconstruction which was an adjunct of the White House. The wartime OWMR was headed at various times by James F. Byrnes, later Secretary of State and now governor-elect of South Carolina, and Fred Vinson, now Chief Justice of the United States.

President Truman tonight announced to the nation a stern economic and manpower programme, including price controls on items essential to defence production and cost of living.

The President, who will formally proclaim a state of national emergency on Saturday morning, bluntly blamed the rules of Soviet Russia for shaking the world "to the brink of general war."

To meet the resulting heavy drain on American economic resources, he said, the United States government is "starting at once to impose price controls on a number of materials and products."

Mr. Truman said in part: "I am talking to you tonight about what our country is up against and what we are going to do about it. Our houses, our nation, all things we believe in, are in great danger. This danger has been created by the rulers of the Soviet Union."

ATTACKS RUSSIA
"For five years we have been working for peace and justice among nations. We have helped bring free nations of the world together in a great movement to establish lasting peace. Against this movement for peace, the rulers of the Soviet Union have been waging a relentless attack. They have tried to undermine or overwhelm the free nations one by one. They have used threats and treachery and violence."

"In June, the forces of Communist imperialism broke out into open warfare in Korea. The United Nations moved to put down this act of aggression and by October had all but succeeded."

"Then in November the Communists threw their Chinese armies into the battle against the free nations. By this act, they have shown they are now willing to push the world to the brink of general war to get what they want."

"This is the real meaning of the events that have been taking place in Korea. That is why we are in such grave danger. The future of civilization depends on what we do—on what we do now and in the months ahead. We have a course to overcome the danger that threatens our country. We must act calmly, wisely and resolutely."

WHAT WILL BE DONE
"Here are the things we will do: 'First, we will continue to uphold and, if necessary, to defend with arms the principles of the United Nations—the

"Second, we will continue to work with other free nations to strengthen our combined defences."

"Third, we will build up our own Army, Navy and Air Force and make more weapons for ourselves and our allies."

"Fourth, we will expand our economy and keep it on an even keel."

"We have no aggressive purpose. We will not use our strength for aggression. We are tolerant and restrained people, deeply aware of our moral responsibilities and deeply aware of the horrors of war. We believe in settling differences by peaceful means and we have made honest efforts to bring about disarmament. We will continue those efforts, but we cannot yield to aggression."

"Though the present situation is highly dangerous, we do not believe war is inevitable. There is no conflict between the legitimate interests of the free world and those of the Soviet Union that cannot be settled by peaceful means. We will continue to take every honourable step we can to avoid general war. But we will not engage in appeasement."

"The world learned from Munich that security cannot be bought by appeasement. We are ready, as we always have been, to take part in efforts to reach a peaceful solution of the conflict."—United Press.

Racing Tips

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Radiotron
Souverain
Apple Pie
Outsider:—Trade Wind.

RACE 2

Corrib
V-J Day
Stratocruiser
Outsider:—My Love.

RACE 3

Ben More
Kentucky Lady
Airs And Graces
Outsider:—Cleopatra.

RACE 4

Roslyn
Chief Witness
Marber
Outsider:—Crown Witness.

RACE 5

Fairy Feet
Beckenham
Golden Dragon
Outsider:—Liberty Ship.

RACE 6

Skymaster
Bashful Beauty
Clontackie
Outsider:—Ben Wyvis.

RACE 7

Uncle Willie
Jorrocks
Green Velvet
Outsider:—Huntmaster.

RACE 8

Sharpshooter
Fair Denise
Unicorn
Outsider:—The Kam Lung.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Apple Pie
Radiotron
Patrie Moon
Outsider:—Trade Wind.

RACE 2

Corrib
Stratocruiser
V-J Day
Outsider:—Stratocruiser.

RACE 3

Ben More
Cleopatra
Airs And Graces
Outsider:—Erebuswood.

RACE 4

Crown Witness
Roslyn
Amber
Outsider:—Baylight.

RACE 5

Fairy Feet
Beckenham
Debutante
Outsider:—Wodonga.

RACE 6

Bashful Beauty
Skymaster
Clontackie
Outsider:—Panda.

RACE 7

Jorrocks
Huntmaster
Glamour Butterfly
Outsider:—Uncle Willie.

RACE 8

Small Dragon
Sharpshooter
Fair Denise
Outsider:—Fearless Witness.

US TO CALL UP MORE MEN

Washington, Dec. 15. The Army announced tonight that the 31st National Guard Division from Alabama and Mississippi and the 40th from Minnesota and North Dakota will be called for Federal service on January 10.—United Press.

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Hongkong And The Embargo

THE Colony's trading community will be grateful for the assurances given by Mr. Ralph Hunt, United States Consul for Economic Affairs, concerning his efforts to obtain clarification of the United States' total export ban as it affects Hongkong, and his promise that he is doing all he can to free cargoes for local consumption. We trust that Mr. Hunt will receive quick information from Washington that will straighten out a difficult, and to many Hongkong businessmen, a costly tangle. Two factors are worrying Colony traders. The first is the possible—nay probable—financial losses in consequence of the off-loading of cargoes now en route to Hongkong. In a number of cases, the commodities have been paid for in hard-earned gold dollars, and there are no apparent signs that our importers will be reimbursed. Certain assurances would help; for example a guarantee that off-loaded cargoes will be properly stored and protected pending clarification of whether they can be considered legitimate exports to Hongkong for local consumption. These goods which have been paid for and shipped are, after all, the property of the Hongkong purchaser and he is entitled to some guarantees that either he will receive his cargoes, or, failing that, will be fully indemnified against loss. Commercial insurance conditions do not necessarily offer this protection, and where they do not, it appears to be the moral responsibility of the American authorities to see that cargoes forwarded before the embargo was applied should either reach their destination in proper condition, or the unfortunate purchaser should be reimbursed.

The second concern is more long-range. It is whether or not the United States intends to modify the existing total ban on exports and re-exports to Hongkong. There seems to be ample scope for amicable arrangement and compromise. Hongkong does not ask for more than what it regards as its legitimate rights which, in brief, are to receive essential and luxury American commodities for purely domestic use, and to be able to re-export these non-strategic materials to countries other than China for which orders are placed. We note with satisfaction that Mr. Hunt emphasises his desire to free cargoes of raw materials which the Colony must have for its local industries. This is an all-important consideration and cannot be unduly underlined. Continuance of the total ban could seriously undermine Hongkong's economic position, for we are dependent to a great extent on American materials and products to satisfy our own daily needs. The Colony seeks no privileges or dispensation so far as war or strategic materials are concerned. We readily subscribe to the American embargo on that type of cargo because it might well find its way into wrong hands. In this respect Hongkong will certainly honour to the full the export ban which it has itself imposed. But it is very necessary that Hongkong be freed from the total embargo and is permitted to continue to purchase from the United States raw materials and manufactured products essential to the day-to-day needs of the Colony. We sincerely trust that the week-end will bring a clarification of the situation and a helpful modification of the current United States restrictions.

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DAMES AND WICKED SISTERS

The high fantastic
of Pantomime

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

AS a dramatic critic I receive two free seats for every new theatrical production in the West End, as well as the smaller theatres in the suburbs. This sounds very agreeable, and indeed it has its pleasurable side, but a critic must see plays which no sane man would think of doing. As a professional grave-digger we have no warning as to the condition of the corpses.

Yet once a year the critic abandons his lofty pose of superiority and becomes as glib as any other citizen. It is when Mr Little invites him to "Mother Goose," or Jack Hylton to "Aladdin," or Tom Arnold to "Cinderella," Christmas is at hand and the Pantomime Season is about to open.

The critic discovers, to his surprise, that he is an intensely popular fellow, his merits being recognised not only by his mature friends but even more so by their sons and daughters. As for nephews, nieces and god-children, you are never out of their hearts at this gladtime season.

WARNED by this unaccustomed affection and interest the critic gets on the telephone and actually purchases, for ready money, extra tickets in all directions. It is said that the creature of a critic purchasing a ticket has caused even the most hard-boiled box office attendants to burst into tears.

Now the strange part about all this is that the critic (and we shall dispose of him altogether in a minute) actually looks forward to seeing the Pantomime. "It's fun to go with the kids," he says. "They like all this nonsense about dames and brothers' men and wicked sisters."

"And the principal boy?" says his wife sweetly.

"Queer thing," says the critic. "I often wonder why the Principal Boy is played by a girl."

"I can think of two well shaped reasons," says the wife.

"Probably goes back to the Elizabethans," declares the critic pompously, "when girls used to be played by boys. That's why Shakespeare was always dressing his boys up in boys' clothes because they were more convincing that way than dressed as girls."

"You mean," says his stupid wife, "that when a boy dresses up as a boy he looks more like a girl?"

Where did this theatrical extravaganza of pantomime begin? Of course, the average person would say that Pantomime is as English as Brussels sprouts, that it sprang from the soil of England and has never really taken root in any other country. That answer is about twenty-three centuries wrong in the matter of origin.

THE original pantomimes came to Rome from Etruria, (look it up on the map yourself, I'm too busy), in the year 304 B. C. They were called histriones, from hister, a dancer, which accounts for the modern word histrionic which has nothing to do with dancing at all. But in those days the dancers were the only actors, wearing masks and speaking no lines.

Augustus became the great patron of this art, so much so in fact that he is regarded by some historians (from history, a tall story) as the inventor of dumb acting. If that is so he has an awful lot to answer for in the modern theatre.

You all know that history repeats itself, so it is interesting to note that the mimes, that is the dumb actors, became so popular with the knights and nobles that there was a great deal of fraternisation, and drinking of Homlock Fizzles at the local pub. This made Tibertus very angry, so he checked all this by prohibiting nobles to frequent actors' houses or be seen walking with them in the streets, or climbing the Seven Hills.

However, things began to



"Father Christmas gave him a little carpenter's set!"

London Express Service.

improve for the Pantomimists in Rome when Caligula looked on them with favour. You will remember (at any rate you ought to if you don't) that Caligula was so devoted to his horse that he made it a senator. I've often met a senator who proved to be an ass, but this was the first time, I am almost certain of my facts, that a horse was made a senator.

But again you see history telling the same story twice. Caligula's horse was the authentic origin of the Pantomime horse at Christmas, the one with the wide grin and the collapsible back legs.

Caligula however, does not deserve as much credit as Nero who not only played the violin, but also fancied himself as an actor. So he became one of the dumbest stars in the history of Pantomimes and was much acclaimed by the critics of his day who did not want to be on the menu at the Coliseum.

UNFORTUNATELY Nero's influence was not good. He took the view that since the actors' faces were masked, and their voices were not used, the audience ought to be given something for their money. In other words, he was in favour of the human body being revealed since it had to do all the acting.

This may well have been the first discovery of the female leg—although I doubt it. At any rate the local Jane Russell liveried up the old mythological tales which were the chosen theme, but I am glad to say that this exhibitionism did not take place without protest. The early Christians were right on the job and said

that if this kind of thing continued the Roman Empire would collapse. And so it did, which shows that the critics aren't always wrong.

It was not until the 17th century that the pantomimic art spread to England, but the public did not enthuse as much as the Romans did about the mythological legends. So eventually the popular form was the story of Columbine and Harlequin in which village lass and Harlequin, not carefully, was always being chased by comic constables.

Thus we begin to see the unfolding of the pattern which has become exclusively British. Instead of being a figure of awe, the policeman is always worsted by the comical who have the enthusiastic support of the children in the audience in their attempts to evade arrest.

There is in every normal child an instinctive love of the absurd and the incongruous. It demonstrates itself even in the first months of life when a baby will throw dishes from its high chair on to the floor, and gurgle with satisfaction over the deed. The baby well knows that this is breaking the law, as well as the dishes, but that only adds zest to the crime.

Not only that, it likes to see its father stand on his head, or put on his wife's hat, or fall down the stairs, (this always gets a great laugh from the dear little cherub), or crawl under the sofa and bark like a dog.

DEEP down in its little mind the infant is making its unconscious protest against the drabness of life in later years, when we all begin slowly to die from creeping common sense. And here let me say that the wise man, and certainly the happy one, never entirely loses that early love of absurdity. The keener the mind, the more vivid the imagination, the deeper is the appreciation of the nonsensical. Nothing but a superbly cultivated intellect could have written "Alice in Wonderland" or "The Importance of Being Earnest."

The development of the Pantomime was shrewdly based on child psychology. Thus in modern times the rapturous Boxing Day audience finds that the "Babes in the Wood" are none other than those eminent adult London comedians, Mr Nervo and Mr Knox. Are the Babes frightened when they are lost in the wood? In a way,

Yes; but they indicate by their jokes that they will be quite all right. Even when they lie down to sleep Mr Knox takes care to place a large rat under Mr Nervo's pillow of leaves, and Mr Nervo carefully places his shoes on the other Babe's face.

AND who is their mother?

Bless her heart, it is Monssewer Eddie Grey with his alcoholic nose, his prodigious moustache and his exquisite French phrases. The Monssewer is of course the Dame and when she loses her temper in the kitchen does she send the Babes to bed without supper? Not a bit of it. She hits them over the head with a broom while they pull her skirt off, revealing two such spindly legs that the Monssewer admits he won them from a sparrow in a wager.

But the finer things are not forgotten. There is compulsory education in Pantomime as in real life, so off the Babes go to school where Bud Flanagan, (I admit that this is an all star cast I am assembling), is the schoolmaster who writes on the blackboard:—

How much
Is
Too and Too?

Mr Nervo says the answer is "Too Much" whereupon he and the other Babe give teacher a spanking. Now to any well regulated child with normal instincts this is exactly how life ought to be. No Adolf Hitler could rise to power in a setting where everything pompous is ridiculed and everything cruel is punished. There is wisdom as well as incongruity in the kingdom of childhood's imagination.

THE Pantomime which differs from all the others is "Cinderella" and I wonder that the Labour Government permits it to be shown. In its romantic unfolding it exalts class distinction, praises the profit motive, and preaches the lesson that a really nice girl in lowly position should be careful to marry into the aristocracy where there is a lot of money.

It is true that Cinderella is fond of Buttons but she does not allow her head to be ruled by her heart. Buttons is her only friend, except of course her poor, badgered father, but she has had enough of the

kitchen and dreams of better things. Thus she does not even pretend to be coy when the Prince offers his hand after finding her foot. Cinderella knew a good thing when she saw it.

Personally I have never been convinced that the size of a maiden's foot was sufficient reason for marriage. But nature in her determination to preserve the continuity of the human race, moves in her own mysterious, inexorable way. It is well known that the daughters of the British aristocracy nearly all have large feet, no doubt due to the amount of exercise they take in their youth. But perhaps for political reasons, the Prince felt that it would be wiser to marry a commoner.

THE Americans cannot understand our passion for pantomime. To them it just doesn't make sense, but that of course is its charm. Pantomime doesn't make sense, and if it ever does it will die.

But if you go to one think of its long history and its ancient origin, how in its own way it is the human spirit finding relief from the cares and drabness of everyday life. Above all, when you laugh at the comedians give a thought to the great Grimald, "the genuine droll, the grinning, slinking, irresistible clown," who laboured so hard in bringing laughter to London that he died prematurely, worn out by his exertions.

Sweet ladies and gentlemen, I give you the British pantomime. Long may it survive to keep the wisdom of childhood alive in all of us.



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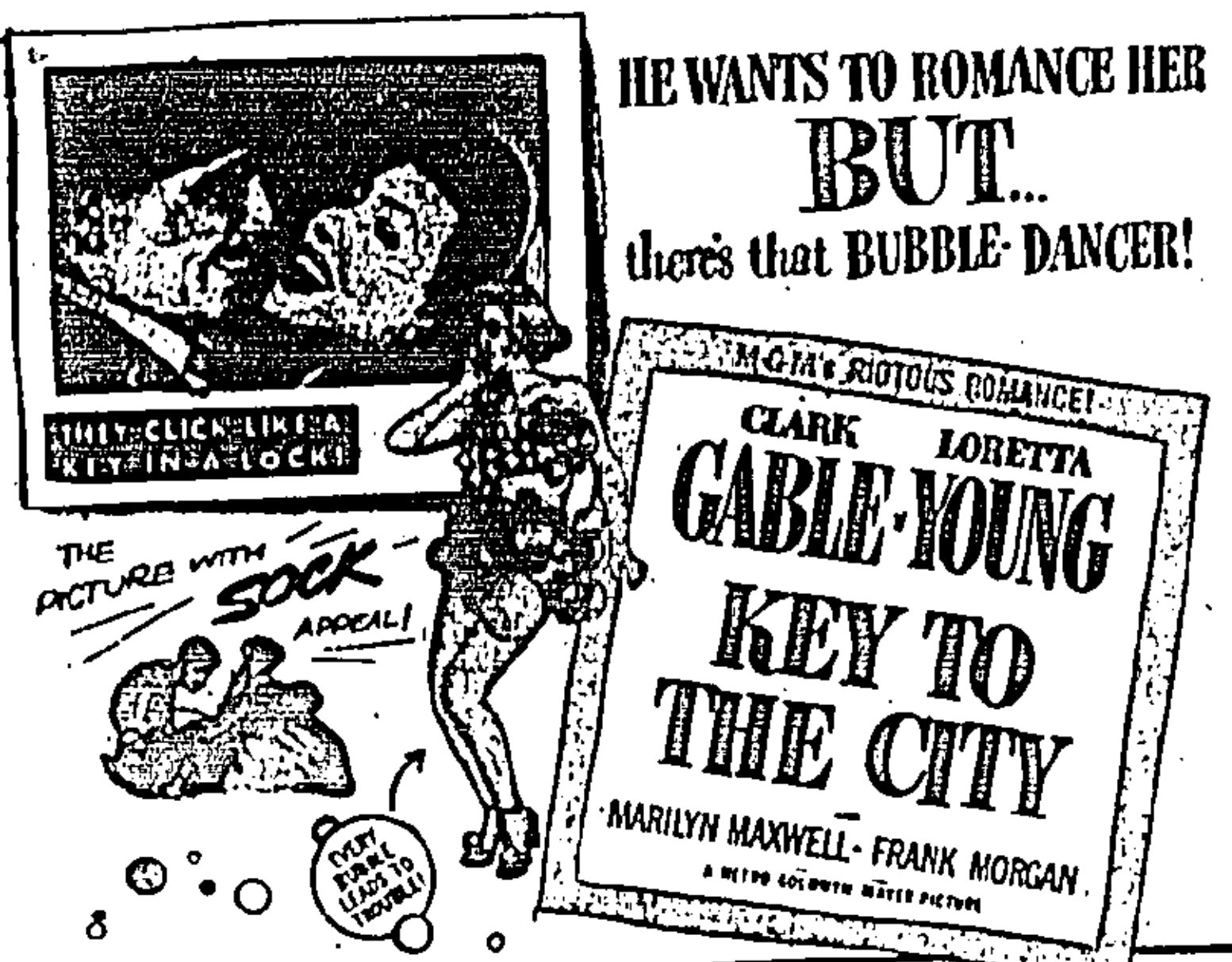
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P.M.
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7.20 & 9.30
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— AT 11.30 A.M. — — AT 12 NOON —

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TO-DAY
BROADWAY
AIR-CONDITIONED
At 2.30, 5.30,
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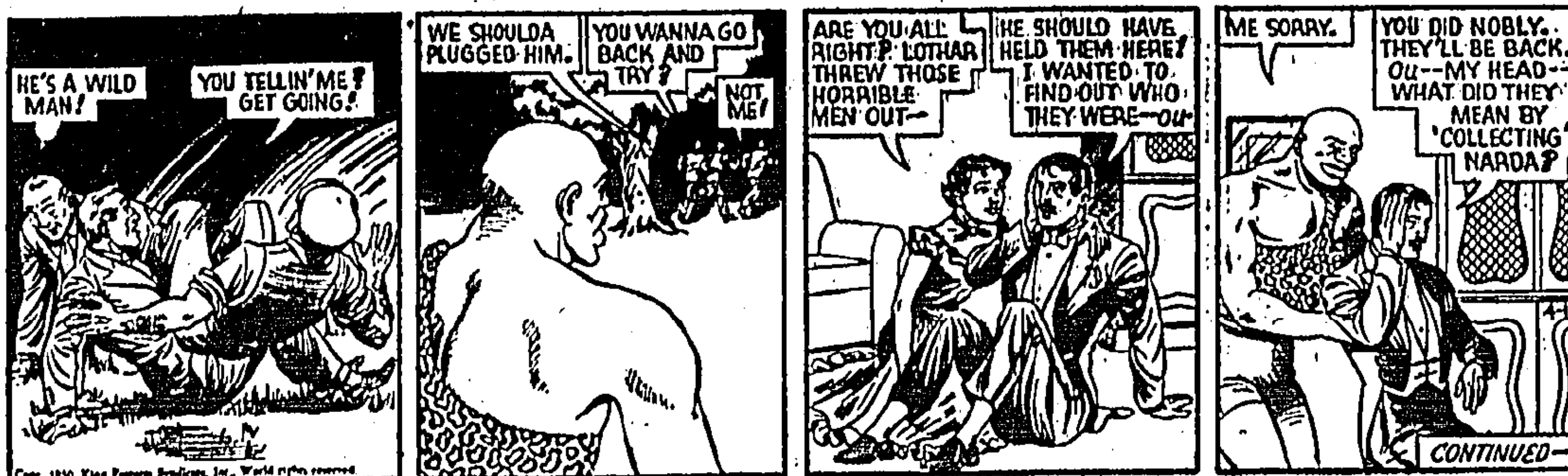
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



SEAT IN THE STALLS

For Mai Zetterling, death takes a brief holiday

by HAROLD CONWAY

LONDON. 3.—His salary, if he does come, will not—cannot—exceed £5,000 a week.

Venus on Avon

Some weeks ago I chided West End managements for not following up the success of new young actresses by giving them further chances. I mentioned especially the case of neglected Heather Stannard, who was Olivier's impressive—but meteoric—leading lady in *Venus on Avon*.

Now, I hear, it has been left to Stratford-on-Avon to do the following-up. Miss Stannard goes there as principal actress for the 1951 season.

But none of her roles—the Queen in *Richard II*, Doll Tearsheet in *Henry IV* Part

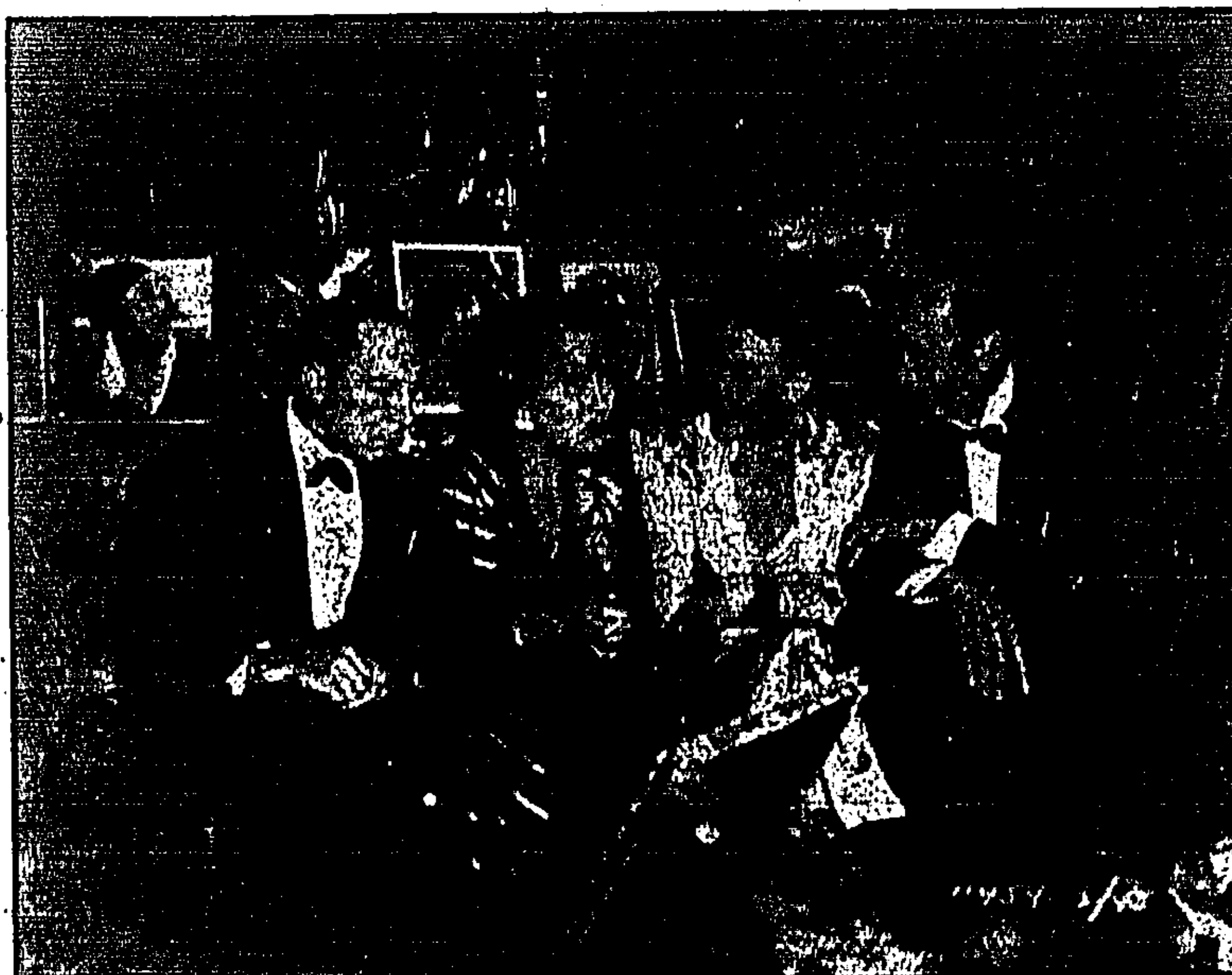
1, and one of the Spirits in *The Tempest*—will be as spectacular as her Cressida, which she played there in 1948.

The reason: next year's Stratford season is to be largely a man's affair. All the plays chosen



Mai Zetterling, Richard Attenborough put on new personalities in *Hell is Sold Out*

It's Old Favourites' Week



Recognize the four in the top picture? They are, from the left, Buster Keaton, Gloria Swanson, Hedda Hopper and H. B. Warner, all of them ranked among the screen's oldest timers and appearing together in *"Sunset Boulevard"*, now at the Leo Theatre.

Miss Swanson plays the role of a shelved idol of silent films in *"Sunset Boulevard"*. She proves quite conclusively that she is herself, at 52, far from being ready for the shelf.

Clark Gable and Loretta Young (left) are some 10 years behind Miss Swanson as time marches on. Here they are in a scene from *"Key To The City"*, now showing at the Queen's Theatre. Clark is a longshoreman mayor from the state of Washington and Loretta is the very feminine mayor of a Maine town. They meet at a Mayors' Convention in San Francisco and curious and hilarious things begin to happen. It is one of the comedies of the year.



Danny: The facts

Don't take these Broadway reports too seriously—that Danny Kaye has been offered £7,000 a week for a three-month Palladium engagement next summer.

It was nice reminder advertising, of course, for Danny in Royal Variety Show week, since he couldn't be here himself. But I am sorry to see his name used in that popular Broadway and Hollywood game—of seeing who can boast the highest London salary.

Here are the facts:

- 1.—Kaye will probably do a London season during Festival time, though the Palladium's Val Parnell has not yet made a firm offer.
- 2.—It will be for considerably less than three months, the balance being spread over a provincial tour.

HAVE YOU EVER DREAMED THAT—



YOUR HANDS WERE COVERED WITH WARTS—

AND THAT YOU WERE UNDERESSED IN PUBLIC?



E.2

—THIS DREAM MEANS:

This is the dream of someone who is too much concerned with physical appearances and with minor bodily symptoms. All your anxiety has gone into your skin-sensitiveness. You are rather like the schoolboy with the potty face;

much you are concerned with superficial appearances. All your anxiety is finding its way into a super-sensitiveness which is getting you nowhere.

This is the anxiety dream of the self-centred individual. It indicates that your life is too lonely; it is revolving too much about yourself.

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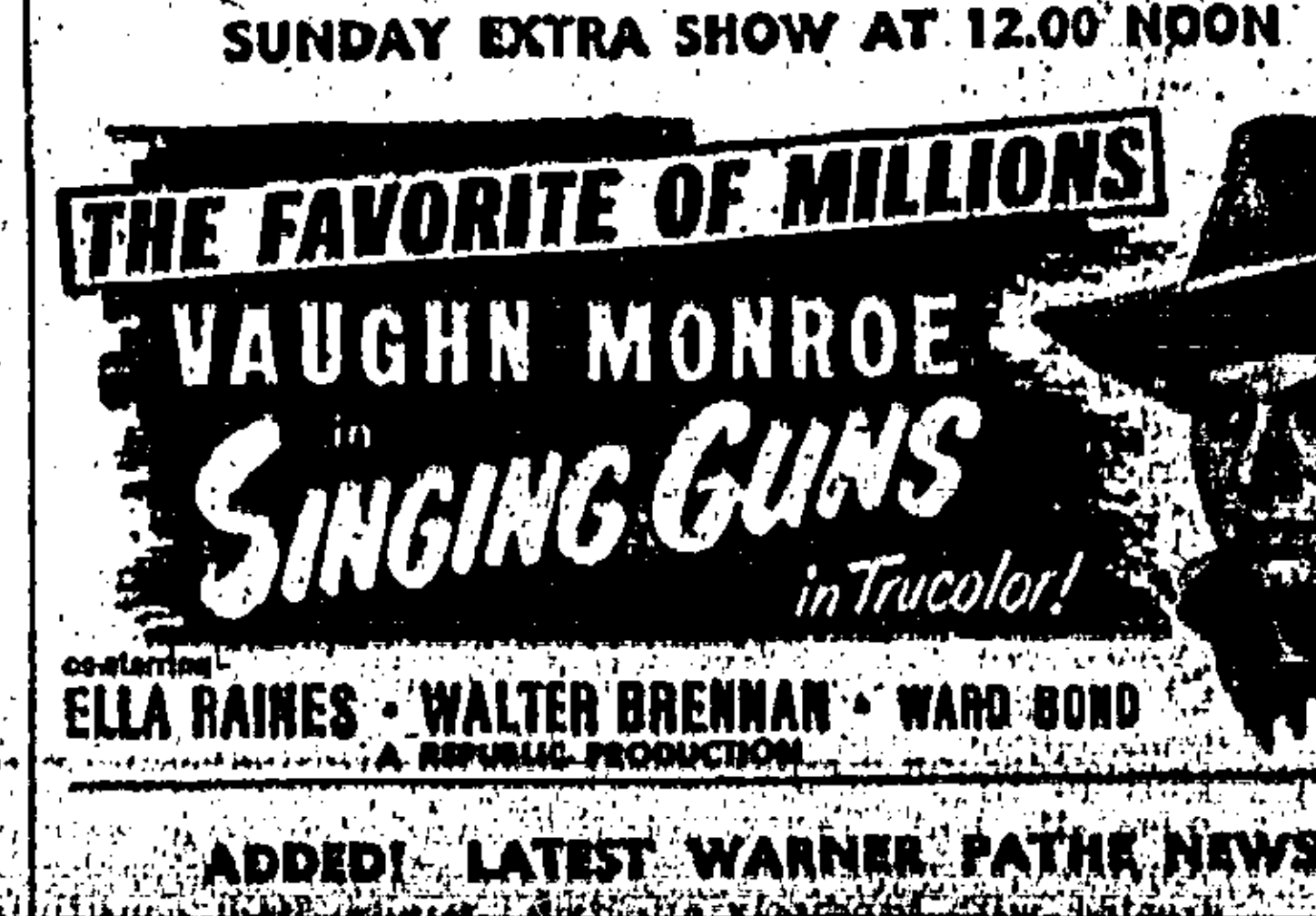
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ADDED! LATEST WARNER PATHÉ NEWS

She gave him a Christmas present,
but he could not understand it...

SISTER BESSIE

By Cyril Hare

"At Christmas time we gladly greet
"Each old familiar face.
"At Christmas time we hope
to meet
"At th' old familiar place.
"Five hundred loving greet-
ings, dear,
"From you to me,
"To welcome in the glad New
Year
"I look to see!"

HILDA TRENT turned over the Christmas card with her carefully manicured fingers as she read the idiotic lines aloud.

"Did you ever hear anything so completely palsied?" she asked her husband. "I wonder who on earth they can get to write the stuff. Timothy, do you know anybody called Leech?"

"Yes — that's what it says: 'From your old Leech.' Must be a friend of yours." She looked at the envelope. "Yes, it was addressed to you. Who is the old Leech?" She flicked the card across the breakfast table.

Timothy stared hard at the rhyme and the scrawled message beneath it. "I haven't the least idea," he said slowly. As he spoke, he was taking in, with a sense of cold misery, the fact that the printed message on the card had been neatly altered by hand. The word "five" was in ink. The original poet, no doubt, had been content with "a hundred loving greetings."

"Put it on the mantelpiece with the others," said his wife. "Damn it, no." In a sudden rage, he tore the card in two and flung the pieces into the fire.

It was silly of him, he reflected as he travelled up to the City half an hour later, to break out in that way in front of Hilda; but she would put it down to the nervous strain about which she was always pestering him to take medical advice.

Not for all the gold in the Bank of England could he have stood the sight of that damnable jingle on his dining-room mantelpiece. The insolence of it! The cool, calculated devilry! All the way to London the train wheels beat out the maddening rhythm.

"At Christmas time we gladly greet..." And he had the thought that the last payment had been the end of it. He had returned from James's funeral triumphant in the certain belief that he had attended the burial of the blood-sucker who called himself "Leech." But he was wrong, it seemed.

"Five hundred loving greetings dear..." Five hundred! Last year it had been three, and that had been bad enough. It had meant selling out some holdings at an awkward moment. And now 500, with the market in its present state! How in the name of all that was horrible was he going to raise the money?

He would raise it, of course. He would have to. The sickening, familiar routine would be gone through again. The cash in Treasury notes would be packed in an unobtrusive parcel and left in the cloak room at Waterloo.

NEXT day, he would park his car as usual in the railway yard at his local station. Beneath the windscreen wiper — "the old familiar place" — would be tucked the cloak room ticket. When he came back again from work in the evening the ticket would be gone.

And that would be that — all next time. It was the way that Leech preferred it, and he had no option but to comply.

The one certain thing that Trent knew about the identity of his blackmailers was that he — or could it be she? — was a member of his family.

His family! Thank heaven they were no true kindred of his. So far as he knew, he had no blood relatives alive. But "his" family they had been, ever since when he was a tiny, ailing boy, his father had married the gentle, ineffective Mary Grigson, with her long trail of soft, useless children.

And, when the influenza epidemic of 1919 carried off John Trent, he had been left to be brought up as one of that clinging, grasping clan. He had got on in the world, made money, married money, but he had never got away from the Grigsons.

SAVE for his stepmother, to whom he grudgingly acknowledged that he owed his start in life, how he loathed them all. His family they remained, expecting to be treated with brotherly affection.

"At Christmas time we hope to meet..."

He put down his paper unread, and stared forlornly out of the carriage window. It was at Christmas time, four years before that the whole thing started — at his stepmother's Christmas Eve party, just such a boring family function as the one he would have to attend in a few days' time.

There had been some silly games to amuse the children — Blind Man's Buff and Musical Chairs — and in the course of them his wallet must have slipped from his pocket. He discovered the loss next morning, went round to the house and retrieved it. But when it came into his hands again there was one item missing from its contents. Just one.

A LETTER, quite short and explicit, signed in a name that had about then become fairly notorious in connection with an unsavoury inquiry into certain large-scale dealings in Government securities.

How he could have been fool enough to keep it a moment longer than was necessary — but it was no good going back on that.

And then the messages from Leech had begun. Leech had the letter. Leech considered it his duty to send it to the principal of Trent's firm, who was also Trent's father-in-law. But, meanwhile, Leech was a little short of money, and for a small consideration... to it had begun, and so, year in and year out, it had gone on.

He had been so sure that it was James! That seedy, unsuccessful stockjobber, with his gambling debts and his inordinate thirst for whisky, had seemed the very stuff of which blackmailers are made.

But he had got rid of James last February, and here was Leech again hungrier than ever. Trent shifted uneasily in his seat. "Got rid of him," was hardly the right way to put it. One must be fair to oneself.

James had merely assisted Trent to get rid of his worthless self. He had done no more than ask James to dinner at his club, fill him up with whisky and leave him to drive home on a foggy night with the roads treacherous with frost.

There had been an unfortunate accident on the Kingston Bypass, and that was the end of James — and, incidentally, of two perfect strangers who had happened to be on the road at the same time.

FORGET IT! The point was that the dinner — and the whisky — had been a dead loss. He could not make the same mistake again.

This Christmas he intended to make sure who his persecutor was. Once he knew, there would be no half-measures.

Revelation came to him midway through Mrs John Trent's party — at the very moment, in fact, when the presents were being distributed from the Christmas tree.

It was so simple, and so unexpected that he could have laughed aloud. Appropriately enough it was his own contribution to the party that was responsible.

For some time past it had been his unwritten duty, as the prosperous member of the family, to present his stepmother with some delicacy to help out the straightened resources of her house in providing a feast worthy of the occasion.

This year, his gift had taken the form of half a dozen bottles of champagne — part of a consignment which he suspected of being corked. That champagne, acting on a head unused to anything stronger than lemonade, was enough to loosen Bessie's tongue for one fatal instant.

Bessie! Of all people, faded, spinsterish Bessie! Bessie with her woolwork and her charities — Bessie with her large, stupid, appealing eyes.

And yet, when you came to think of it, it was natural enough. Probably, of all the Grigson tribe, he disliked her the most.

HE felt for her all the loathing one must naturally feel for a person one has treated badly; and he had been simple enough to believe that she did not resent it.

She was just his own age, and from the moment that he had been introduced into the family he had constituted himself her enemy.

She had been, in her revolt...

And he had imagined that his money had been going to support some of them. Why, they all simply reeked of honest poverty. He could see it now. Bessie explained everything. It was typical of her twisted mind to wring cash from him by threats and give it all away in charities.

Then it had become pretty clear that she and everyone else expected him to marry her. He had considered the idea quite seriously for some time. She was, pretty enough in those days, and, as the phrase went, worshipped the ground he trod on.

But he had the good sense to see in time that he must look elsewhere if he wanted to make his way in the world.

His engagement to Hilda had been a blow to Bessie. Her old maidish look and her absorption in good works dated from then. But she had been sweetly forgiving to all appearances.

Now, as he stood there under the mistletoe, with a ridiculous paper cap on his head, he marvelled how he could have been so easily deceived. As though, after all, anyone could have written that Christmas card but a woman!

Bessie was smiling at him still — smiling with the confidential air of the mildly tipsy, her upturned shiny nose glowing pink in the candlelight. She had assumed a slightly puzzled expression, as though trying to recollect what she had said.

Timothy smiled back and raised his glass to her. He was stone-cold sober, and he could remind her of her words when the occasion arose.

"My present for you, Timothy, is in the post. You'll get it tomorrow. I expect, I thought you'd like a change from those horrid Christmas cards!" And the words had been accompanied by an unmistakable wink.

He moved away from the mistletoe and strolled round the room, exchanging pleasantries with all the family. He could look them in the face now without a qualm.

He clinked glasses with Roger, the prematurely aged, over-worked GP. No need to worry now whether his money was going in that direction!

He slapped Peter on the back and endured patiently five minutes' confidential chat on the difficulties of the car business in these days.

TO Marjorie, James's widow, looking wan and ever so brave in her made-over black frock, he spoke just the right words of blended sympathy and cheer.

He even found in his pockets some half crowns for his great bulking step-nephews. Then he was standing by his stepmother near the fireplace, whence she presided quietly over the noisy cheerful scene, beaming gentle good nature from her faded blue eyes.

"A delightful evening," he said, and meant it.

"Thanks to you, Timothy in great part," she replied. "You have always been so good to us."

Wonderful what a little doubtful champagne would do! He would have given a lot to see her face if he were to say: "I suppose you are not aware that your youngest daughter, who is just now pulling a cracker with that ugly little boy of Peter's, is blackmailing me and that I shortly intend to stop her mouth for good!"

He turned away. What a gang they all were! What a babble! But he was not alone. He was not alone.

And he had imagined that his money had been going to support some of them. Why, they all simply reeked of honest poverty. He could see it now. Bessie explained everything. It was typical of her twisted mind to wring cash from him by threats and give it all away in charities.

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she left school. The same old battered desk stood in the corner, where from the earliest days she had kept her treasures.

He flung it open and a flood of bills, receipts, charitable appeals and yet more charitable appeals came cascading out. One after another, he went through the drawers with ever-increasing urgency, but still failed to find what he sought.

Finally, he came upon a small inner drawer which resisted his attempts to open it. He tugged at it in vain, and then seized the poker from the fire-place and burst the flimsy lock by main force. Then he dragged the drawer from its place and settled himself to examine the contents.

It was crammed as full as it could be with papers. At the very top was the programme of a May Week Ball for his last year at Cambridge.

Then there were snapshots, Press-cuttings — an account of his own wedding among them — and, for the rest, letters. Piles of letters, all in his handwriting.

THE wretched woman seemed to have hoarded every scrap he had ever written to her. As he turned them over, some of the phrases he had used in them floated into his mind, and he began to apprehend for the first time what the depth of her resentment must have been when he threw her over.

But where the devil did she keep the only letter that mattered?

As he straightened himself from the desk he heard close behind him a hideous, choking sound. He spun round quickly.

Bessie was standing behind him, her face a mask of horror. Her mouth was wide open in dismay. She drew a long, shuddering breath. In another moment she was going to scream at the top of her voice.

Timothy's post-up fury could be contained no longer. With all his force he drove his fist full into that gaping, foolish face. Bessie went down as though she had been shot, and her head struck the leg of a table with the crack of a dry stick broken in two. She did not move again.

Although it was quiet enough in the room after that, he never heard his stepmother come in. Perhaps it was because the sound of his own pulses drumming in his ears had deafened him.

HE did not even know how long she had been there. Certainly it was long enough for her to take in everything that was to be seen there for her voice, when she spoke was perfectly under control.

"You have killed Bessie," she said. It was a calm statement of fact, rather than an accusation.

He nodded speechless. "But you have not found the letter."

He shook his head. "Didn't you understand what she told you this evening? The letter is in the post. It was her Christmas present to you. Poor, simple loving Bessie."

He stared at her aghast. "It was only just now that I found that it was missing from my 'leave-case,'" she went on, still in the same flat, quiet voice. I don't know how she found out about it, but love — even a crazy love like hers — gives people a strange insight sometimes."

"Then you were Leech?" he faltered.

"Of course. Who else? How otherwise do you think I could have kept the house open and my children out of debt on my income?"

"NO, Timothy, don't come any nearer. You are not going to commit two murders tonight. I don't think you would have the nerve, in any case, but to be on the safe side I have brought the little pistol your father gave me when he came out of the Army in 1918. Sit down."

He found himself crouching on the sofa, looking helplessly up into her pitiless face. The body that had been Bessie lay between them.

Bessie's heart was very weak," she said reflectively. "Roger had been worried about it for some time. If I have a word with him I dare say he will see his way to issue a death certificate. It will, of course, be a little expensive. Shall we say a thousand pounds this year, instead of five hundred? You would prefer that, Timothy? I dare say to — the alternative?"

Once more, Timothy nodded in silence.

"Very well. I shall speak to Roger in the morning — after



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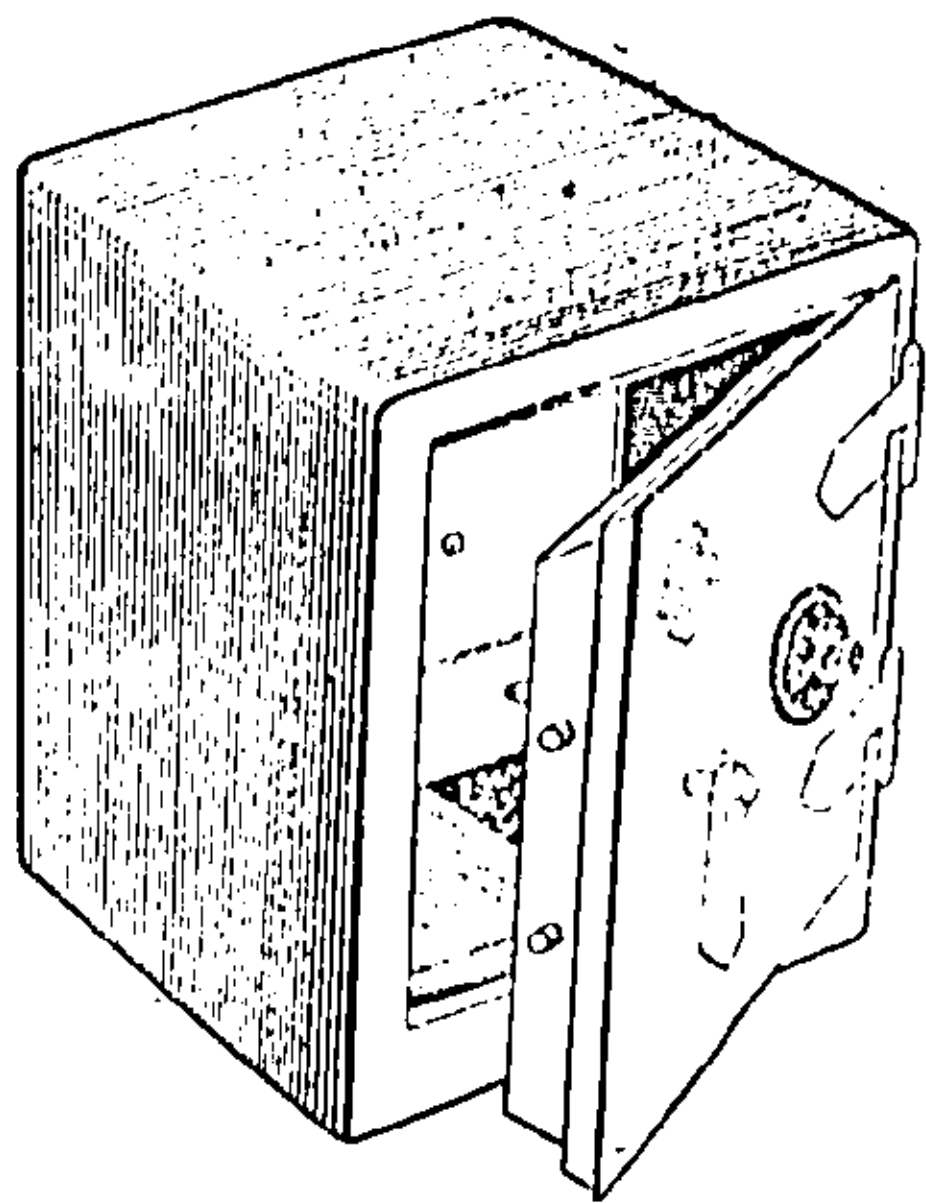
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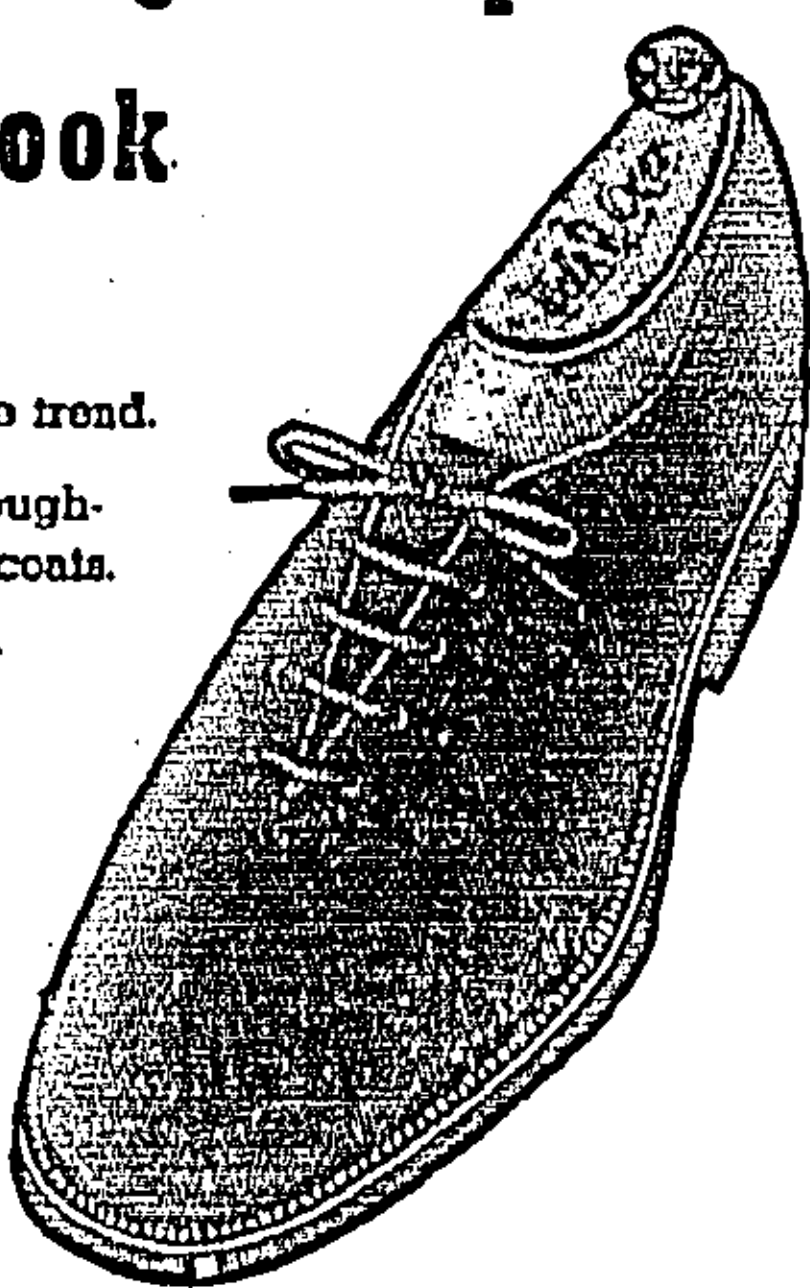
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"Don't you think one of us ought to go first as a sort of peace envoy, Mr. Jones?"

London Express Service

By LORD DUNSANY

CHRISTMAS: a defence against darkness

THE source of all merriment is the sun; all colour, for instance, comes from it, and indeed all life. When, therefore, the sun sank to its lowest, there must have once been an actual fear, which our dim unexplained emotions echo today, that it might never return.

This ancient fear, some shadow of which is still felt in the short dark days, must have called up men's resistance against the darkness and against the cold that accompanied it, a resistance that was a mobilisation of the spiritual and material forces of man against the worst the Nature could do or, at any rate, threaten.

Even before they had Christianity to help them there is no doubt that at this time mankind in our northern latitudes got what spiritual comfort they could from such gods as they had; and their material defences are obvious, big logs dragged in from the neighbouring forest, to get a good fire going at the time that they called Yule, and the mead that was brewed from honey, and whatever mirth and song the warmth and the mead encouraged.

They had advantages over us, those early men who made

merry at Yuletide. For one thing, they must have been stimulated by a real fear of what the sun was going to do, and for another they must have had draughtier houses, and even wolves, that in the cold weather would have come nearer those houses. Fear and draughts and wolves may seem queer advantages, and yet the pleasure that comes from triumph over adversity must obviously be a stranger to people that have everything done for them and who have no hardships over which they can triumph.

It is not that I wish for hardships, and possibly Comrade Stalin may be able to supply some, but in the absence of any that come from cold and darkness, with fires that can be lighted with a touch, and a scientific knowledge that the sun will return, we should make some effort to attain at a twentieth-century Christmas the merriment that must once have come easily from the conquest of obvious difficulties.

How then are we to overcome the absence of the satisfaction of having dragged in with our friends a good-sized log some distance over the snow, and the dearth of wolves that would have made that dragging the more exciting, and the stubbornness of our door that would keep out wolves, if there were any, and that keeps out even draughts without any effort of ours?

The obvious solution is a drink; but it is too obvious and it is after all only an ersatz pleasure, an imitation of the simple pleasure which it can never really replace. Not that I grudge a drink to anybody who can get much out of it, especially at this time of year, but they are happiest who can get their own pleasure direct without using this roundabout method.

And such people exist, for children obtain easily the pleasures that we chase with increasing difficulty as we grow older and with increasing shortness of breath. Therefore, the

merriment that is appropriate to Christmas will be found among them, and the more of it that we can make there, the more the reflection of its radiance will beat upon us.

Let us, therefore, call up at Christmas every battery of crackers that we are able to mobilise, and set up against the darkness outside the defences of all the lights and warmth that we can.

Wolves indeed are gone, but not the last echo of the fear of them, and whatever haunts the dark on a winter's night may feel itself well defeated by the lights of our coloured candles and the glow of our fire, even though fireplaces be shrunken from what they were when they burned good logs.

These shrunken fireplaces make it harder for us to defy the dark and the cold as they should be defied, and as they once were; and so we should work all the harder to build up against them the light and the merriment that ought to go with Christmas. Stories told by the fireside, on the other hand, need not be light or merry; they may be of wolves or ghosts and whatever haunts the night. For it is such things as these outside that add to the triumph of our defences, where mirth and light are evident and ghosts and wolves are not.

To neglect the festivities of Christmas is to let the dark close in upon us; not the actual dark that our electric lights can so easily shatter, not the dark that wild creatures enjoy and that is full of mystery, but the dark that can chill the spirit, the mirthless dark whose only light is reason and a poor glow that can give at times.

When the sun at noon is at its lowest and men's spirits sink somewhat with it then is the time that we rally before the fire with all the defences that the ages have given us against the cold and despondency.

Chiefly, of course, those defences are supplied by the Christian religion, but there is a tolerance at that time that

Make Your Own Cards

Making your own Christmas cards saves money and provides interesting occupation for leisure hours.

First you should take an ordinary needle—preferably a rather long one—and force the end which carries the eye into the lower end of a bigish cork.

Next you require a piece of flat board rather larger than the card which you propose to make. Cut a piece of thick cloth, slightly smaller in size, and glue it on to the board, leaving a narrow edge all round. This gives you an ink pad.

Then get a sheet of stout paper, a small bottle of copy ink, and as many blank cards as you wish to adorn. Lastly, choose a simple design that appeals to your taste and seems suitable for your purpose.

With the point of the needle which is embedded in the cork, prick out on the design tiny holes about one-eighth of an inch apart, taking care to make them the same size and to follow the outlines exactly.

with copying ink, being careful to do the job gradually and to keep the amount of ink even over the whole surface. Then lay your master-copy down on the pad, and pin it so that it is held quite firmly in position.

Put a trial piece of paper over the master-copy, and rub gently with your finger-tips, so that a little ink is forced through the pricked holes. If necessary, do this two or three times—the object being to produce a clear copy of the design, without any smudging or unevenness.

You are now ready to print cards. To do this, lay each of them in turn on the master-copy and press gently. To make sure of an even pressure over the whole surface, it may be found better to use a piece of board, or a flat tin, or some other object which you can hold easily and which does not give at any point.

Your chosen design can, of course, include a few words of greeting and your name. But if this is the case the master-

Bookmaker VERSUS blonde QUESTION IS, WHO WINS?



by BILLY ROSE

AT least four times in the past week I've been buttonholed on Broadway and asked: "Have you heard what happened to Charlie Feltus?"

Perhaps I ought to bring you up to date...

For as long as I can remember, Charlie Feltus has been a promoter of things and people, and he has always made a pretty nice dollar at it.

However, like a lot of other Times Squareheads, he has never held on to these dollars for long because of a weakness for horses and blondes.

IN recent months, to hear the wisenheimer tell it, it's been rough going for Charlie in both departments seeing as how (a) most of his earnings have been going into the jewel box of a platinum-mopped tootsie named Hazel Duke, and (b) his luck at the race track has been — as Damon Runyon used to put it — a whole lot less than somewhat.

Came a bleak and bleary-eyed evening not long ago when Charlie called on Hazel.

"I'm in a spot, baby," he gloomed. "I owe my bookie, Butch Flesoon, seven grand and he just tipped me off that if I don't pay up by the end of the week I'm in for some bad trouble. Butch, as you know, is a pal of mine and wouldn't make no ass if it was up to him, but he says the guy who runs the syndicate is pressing him."

"What can I do about it?" asked Hazel.

"Well," said Charlie, eyeing the glinty knick-knacks on her arms and neck, "I could raise several grand on your jewellery. It would be just a loan, you understand....

"Nuts to that loan stuff," said Hazel. "And while we're having this heart-to-heart, I might as well tell you I've been thinking of calling it quits. Don't slam the door, sucker."

Naturally, Charlie was hurt by this kiss-off, especially after his many blue-white kindnesses to the little lady, but he was an old campaigner and so he left without breaking her arm or doing anything else ungentlemanly.

THE next day Hazel got a telephone call from Butch Flesoon, the bookie. "Hello, Beautiful," he said. "I hear tell you've given Charlie the brush and —

"You want to pick it up where he left off," laughed Hazel. "Okay by me, and you can begin by taking me to dinner."

"You catch on quick," said the bookie. He named one of the exclusive eateries on the East Side and went on: "Meet you at seven, and if you get there first order yourself a

drink. I'll be over soon as I finish with the bets on tonight's fight."

An hour and four Martins later Butch telephoned Hazel at the restaurant. "I got jammed up," he said, "but I'll be over in a few minutes. Have them ice up a couple of quarts of champagne and order the biggest double steak in the house. I'm starved."

By 9, Hazel had polished off most of the porthouse and all the champagne, but there was still no sign of Butch. Finally plenty peeved, she told herself that no horse hater was going to make her wait around with ketchup on her mouth. But as she rose to go the waiter handed her a tab for \$51.20.

"Tell the manager I'm Mr. Flesoon's guest," she said.

Five minutes later the manager appeared. "My sorry," he said, "but I just phoned Mr. Flesoon and he says he had no appointment here tonight."

"Okay," said Hazel wearily. "I'll leave this bracelet as security and come in tomorrow to pay you."

THE manager took the bracelet and beckoned to a stoutish gent who was sitting at the bar.

The man walked over, flashed a detective's badge and handed Hazel a typewritten sheet headed, "Articles of jewellery stolen from Mrs. Elizabeth Stone."

When Hazel examined the list she saw that, item for item, it matched the jewellery she was wearing.

"There's some mistake," she said. "I got these things from Mr. Charles Feltus, and he told me he bought them on Fifth Avenue."

"You can explain it in court," said the detective. "In the meantime, hand the stuff over. I'll let you go home tonight, but I suggest you don't try to leave town."

WHEN Hazel got to her apartment she found a sheet of paper under the door. It was a duplicate of the jewellery list the "detective" had shown her. At the bottom was a message in Charlie's familiar scrawl.

"Butch Flesoon thanks you, the syndicate thanks you, and I thank you. Don't slam the door."

(London Express Service)

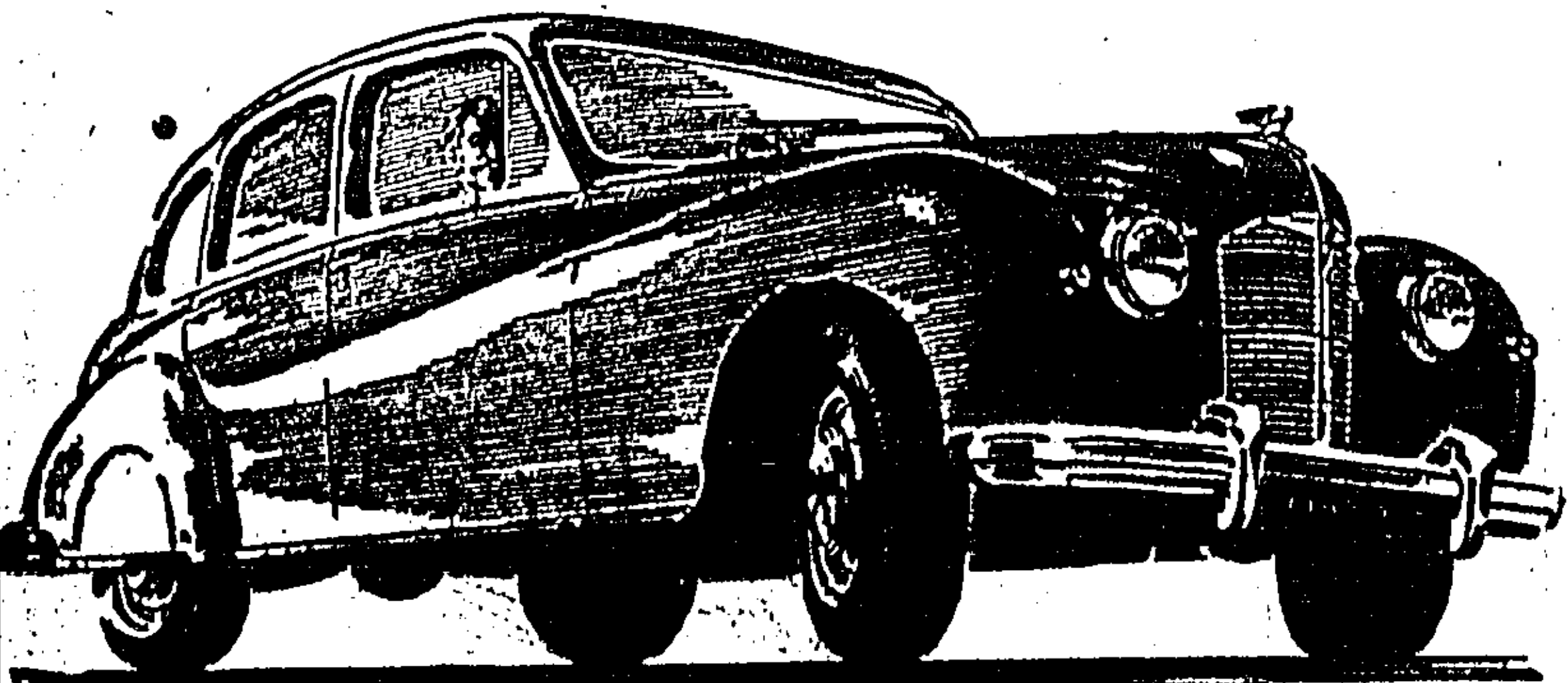
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DID YOU KNOW?

DID you know that in Britain long before the people were converted to Christianity? A famous historian named Bede records that "the ancient peoples of the Angli began the year on the 25th of December," and regarded that night as a sacred one.

Did you know that the first Mr Christmas was named after the greatest of all annual Christian feasts? Besides people bearing this uncommon name, there are many named Noel, Nowell, and Yule.

Did you know that the turkey, which is an American bird, is short for turkey-cock, a name originally applied to the guinea-fowl, which was often imported into Europe through Turkish territory?

Did you know that the term Santa Claus is from the Dutch Sint Klaas, for Saint Nicholas, the saint who first sent Christmas presents when he did not want those who received them to know from whom they came?

Did you know that the very early Christmas puddings were probably nothing but haggis, or the entrails of the pig or other animal stuffed with meat that had been minced, flavoured and mixed with oatmeal before being boiled?

Did you know that the custom of using holly and other green plants for decorating buildings at Christmas is said to be a relic of the old days in Germany (or what is now Germany), when it was the practice to hang the interiors of dwelling with evergreens as a refuge for the wood spirits from the cold weather? It was considered lucky to get these spirits to enter and dwell in one's house during the winter months.

Did you know that the black people of the tiny British island of Barbados, in the West Indies, parade in great bands up and down the capital town of Bridgetown on Christmas Eve? Some of them dress in gorgeous uniforms, and form a body known proudly as the Land Navy, and every one carries some kind of banner and sings at the top of his or her voice.

TRICKS AND GAMES FOR YOUR PARTY

FOR Christmas needs, it is always advisable to have in mind a few games that can be enjoyed without much preparation and without noise or disturbance of family arrangements. They are useful not only for parties, but on wet days and other occasions when a little harmless fun is needed. The game described here is one of this sort, and it can be relied upon to provide plenty of amusement and healthy rivalry.

The apparatus required in the first instance is simple and easy to assemble. It comprises eight corks, eight matches, a sheet of stout cardboard, a tube of glue, a small bradawl, a pair of compasses, and sharp scissors or a pocket-knife with a sharp point. First, using the bradawl, bore holes to a depth of half an inch in the lower and smaller ends of the corks, taking care that they are central and vertical. Into each hole fit the lower end of a match, smearing this lightly with glue before fixing. Then mark out several times on the cardboard two concentric circles of 14 and 12 inches. Cutting round these circles with your scissors or your knife, you will find that you have several quite useful rings.

When you wish to play the game, stand the corks up on their wider ends at a convenient point on a table. The pattern in which you set them, and the distance apart, are matters which call for experiment—to find out what arrangement gives the best results.

Two or more people may take part, each having several rings and taking his turn in standing at a fixed point to try to throw them over the matches. The length of the throw, the number of rings, and the manner in which they are thrown—i.e. in unbroken sequence or turn and turn about—depend on personal preference.

For the purpose of scoring, a player should count two points every time he places a ring completely round a cork, and one point whenever his ring goes over a match but remains "hung up" on the supporting cork. He loses a point if he knocks a cork over. A total of 25 points will be found to be a suitable winning target.

Queen's Command

THIS is one of the Christmas party games which can be shared by a fairly large number of players, and which never fails to produce fun and laughter.

Several people should be sent out of the room while preparations are being made. These include the choice of a Queen, the building of a throne for her, garments which will justify her pretended majesty, and the appointment of a Keeper of the Door and of a Master of Ceremonies—to be in costume also, if possible.

Everything is done to make the setting impressive, and then the players left in the room arrange their chairs in two parallel lines, facing inwards and leading from the royal seat towards the door. The lines must be about four or five feet apart.

When everything is ready, the Queen assumes a dignity befitting her eminence, while the seated players stretch out their legs so as to impede the progress of anyone approaching the royal seat. Then, amid the solemn silence, the Keeper of the Door gravely puts out his hand and invites a volunteer from outside to enter.

The door being shut, the Master of Ceremonies announces that by command of the Queen the newcomer will draw near and kiss her hand. But, he continues, care must be taken not to fall over the legs and feet of the assembled courtiers and, as the approach to the throne must be made blindfold, mental note

must now be taken of the obstacles to be avoided. The "victim" is allowed a few moments to study the hindrances in his path. Then a handkerchief is tied over his eyes; he is led to the remote end of the avenue of chairs; and he is told to begin his difficult journey.

As he is about to do this, the Master of Ceremonies gives a signal, and at once all the obstructive limbs are quietly drawn out of the way and tucked under chairs. The blindfolded person, not knowing of this change, goes forward slowly and with extreme caution, lifting his feet high and striving not to stumble. The corks are not to be touched, but laughter should be concealed lest the victim be made suspicious of trickery.

As he reaches the throne, the Master of Ceremonies orders him to stop, to kneel, and to bend his head to kiss the hand which the Queen will graciously extend. These instructions are obeyed, but in place of a hand the royal lady holds out a wet sponge. As the startled player recoils, the bandage should be plucked away and the harmless fashion in which he has been duped will at once become plain to him. If he is "a good sportsman," his amusement will swell the general laughter that ensues, but it is advisable that mirth be restrained—since there are others waiting outside who are to be called upon to go through the same experience.

The first player having sat down in a chair added to one of the lines, the Keeper of the Door admits another aspirant to royal silence, the game proceeds thus until all those outside the room have been admitted.

How Many Coins?

NUMBER tricks that seem to involve uncanny skill are always highly successful at Christmas gatherings. Here is one that invariably sets people guessing, but they are likely to guess in vain unless you reveal

the secret of your cleverness—which wise wizards are reluctant to do.

Ask someone in your audience to put a hand into his pocket and to take out several coins—being careful not to let you see or know the exact number, though he may whisper this to other people if he likes.

Then announce boldly that, if he will carry out a few instructions, you confidently guarantee to be able to tell him the number of coins concerned. After he has expressed his willingness to do as you wish (as he certainly will), you direct him, as follows: Add 4 to the number of coins in your hand. Multiply the number that you now have by 6. To this add 12. Multiply the result by 10. Lastly, take away 320.

You now ask for the number finally arrived at, and you determine the original number of coins by dividing this final number by 60.

Two or three simple experiments will show you that the method outlined above will infallibly give the correct result, and a little careful thought about the various processes will probably enable you to discover why this is so.

Mind Magic

TRICKS which seem mysterious and make people marvel are always popular with Christmas guests. Here is one which can be relied upon to rouse curiosity and wonder, but which is nevertheless quite simple—when you "know how." Taking your stand in front of the audience, you display ten slips of paper and a lead pencil.

"Will you please tell me the names of ten of the greatest cities in Europe?" you ask. "One at a time, and not too fast, or else I shan't be able to write them down."

Names will quickly be suggested, and in every case you write on a separate slip until all ten have been used. Now putting the pieces of paper into a hat, you cover them with a handkerchief and shake so as to mix them thoroughly. Then you hold out the hat to one of the spectators and ask him to choose a slip, taking care not to let you see the word written upon it. When this has been done, he is urged to pass the paper round so that everyone except yourself may see the name on it.

"Now," you continue, "I should like you to put the slip into this envelope, seal it up, and give it back to me."

When the envelope is put into your hands, you should hold it out for ten seconds or so, shutting your eyes and giving obvious indications of mental strain. Then, opening your eyes, you should announce that you now know what is written on the selected paper, and the you are going to give proof of this.

On a convenient table close by, you have previously put a small pile of picture postcards. Turning to these you pick up several in turn, glance at them, and reject them. You retain the next one in your hand and announce that it is a view of the city named on the slip still sealed in the envelope. Murmurs of admiration will show that you are right, when you display the picture.

The trick is quite easy. On all the ten slips you have written the same word—e.g. Paris—ignoring the other names offered to you. And at a known point in the pile of postcards is one which gives a view of that same city.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF THE SCOT

By Douglas M. R. Cobban

IT'S a bad thing, we are told, to mix one's drinks. A salutary piece of advice, no doubt, around Christmas and other festive periods. But what's a poor Scotsman to do when it's next to impossible for him in these hard times to get the only drink that really appeals to him for celebration hours.

"Scotch" is scarce and dear in the land of its production. One of Scotland's Christmas pantheon favourites, the late Will Fyffe, used to bring the house down after World War I with a song that complained about the price of food (as he called it). "Twelve-and-a-halfpenny a bottle," he sang. "The dearest Scotch today would be prepared to sell his soul for a bottle at that price. At three 12/6d, almost, it's still a rationed commodity five years after World War II, and black market prices are fantastic. It can be no consolation at all, around Christmas anyway, that whisky (not whiskey, please—that's not Scotch in spelling or taste) exercises such attraction across the Atlantic that it's one of Britain's biggest dollar earners.

Mixing Drinks

Taken literally or metaphorically, this question of mixing drinks affects the Scot in varied ways. His hereditary instincts are all against mixing things; be it a matter of drinks, of religion, or of politics. He may be willing enough on occasion, in the warmth of his favourite "local" (public drinking house) to discuss with a cronie both politics and religion. But dare suggest that these two mix and pretty sharply he'll draw attention to the fact that if the Church of England timidly suffers association with the State, his own Established Church of Scotland brooks no such entanglement of affairs spiritual and secular.

The spirit of the 16th Century Reformer John Knox, the spirit of Jenny Geddes, who threw a stool at the head of a preacher in St. Giles' during to use a prayer book offensive to her Protestant faith, has lived on in the Scot. It affects to this day his very attitude to Christmas rejoicing.

For the celebration of Christmas in Scotland, though Chris-

in England, Christmas for the benighted Sassenach (Englishman) is a "holiday," for the Scot it's a "holy day." Throughout England, the Christmas holiday mood is so exuberant that it cannot be confined to one day; there they had to institute a Boxing Day (day after Christmas) in order to have two days' holiday. Boxing Day, forsooth—and the Sassenach has the nerve to point the finger of scorn at our "Caledonia, stern and wild!"

The Scots celebration of Christmas, in fact, is much more akin to that of France and other European countries. The emphasis there on recognition of Christmas Day as Nativity Day is increasingly reflected in Scotland nowadays by the attentions, both on Christmas Eve and on Christmas Day itself, at church services.

Ghost Of Knox

Not that we suggest the Englishman does not attend Christmas religious services. He does so, be it agreed, in greater numbers than his fellow Briton north of the Tweed. But the average Scot, with the ghost of Knox hovering around him, reminds himself that Christmas Day was formerly Old Yule Day—a pagan festival, if ever there was! And he has already enough fibes to contend with from the Sassenach about the "pagan" North.

When Mr Knox's shadow isn't too closely around, it may be admitted by the Scot that he, too, observes his pagan festivals. And what festivals! Gorgeous festivals of fire, veritable sun-worship. At the close of the

hallow days of Yule (feast of the Winter Solstice, in case you don't know), in January, you should see at Burghhead, a Moray Firth town, the ceremony of the "burning of the Clavie"—an occasion, and night, of real pagan revelry. Or, still more lively spectacle, the ceremony on January 6 (December 25, by the old style calendar), of Up-Helly-Aa, in Shetland, when a gaily bedecked vessel in the Norse tradition is put to sea and set merrily ablaze, as the seal on not just one day's festival, but a whole month of Yule festivity. In the far north of Scotland, descendants of the Norse invaders of many centuries ago cling to Yule traditions in a way which no other part of Britain emulates nowadays.

But the point is that in whatever way the Scot recognises he has a pagan past, he intends to make it obvious that Christmas, for him, is something different. He refuses to let any of the pagan instincts left in him clash with his Christian conscience—at any rate in such public celebrations as that of Christmas day. If the Englishman can't see the difference—well, it just goes to show there exists that clear distinction between the two peoples. Yes?

Wicked nationalist pride? No, no, no.

To prove it, I'll confess, as a Scot, that the Scots are just mad, much madder than the dogs "who go out in the mid-day sun." The Scots, when you mention Christmas time to them, have that faraway look that means they are not really thinking of Christmas at all; they're dreaming of Hogmanay, of black

bun and ginger wine and yes, even today, of whisky—not Irish, Canadian, or Australian imitations but the "real Mac-kay."

Hogmanay? It's a madness, a lovely madness, that isn't confined to any "pagan" remnant of the country, but sweeps the whole of Scotland off its Presbyterian legs, draws back home every year thousands upon thousands of the 20 million Scots exiles, spread, according to the Sassenach, in nauseating ubiquity over the earth's surface.

Come to King's Cross Station, London, on the eve of Hogmanay, the last day of the year. You'll find it crowded all day long with eager, frantic Scots, living for the moment when their train will speed them to Scotland and the night of greatest excitement of the year for Scots, at home or abroad.

Friend Of All

Christmas in Scotland is still the beautiful festival of the children, Santa Claus and all that, and hence to be basically religious outlook of the Scot. New Year—Hogmanay—is the superseding "fling" of the adults, the night and a day when the Scot really lets his hair down. From any time after dark on New Year's Eve until any time on New Year's Day itself, the Scot is at his sentimental best—the friend of all the world. And, especially these days, it isn't just whisky-inspired. Even the Sassenach privileged to share in the Hogmanay revels must appreciate that.

"Auld Lang Syne," the world's most popular air, is sung in the land of its origin during Hogmanay with a fervour which lets you deep into the secret of the Scot's character. When he is religious, he is religious. When he is pagan, he is pagan. He doesn't mix his drinks.

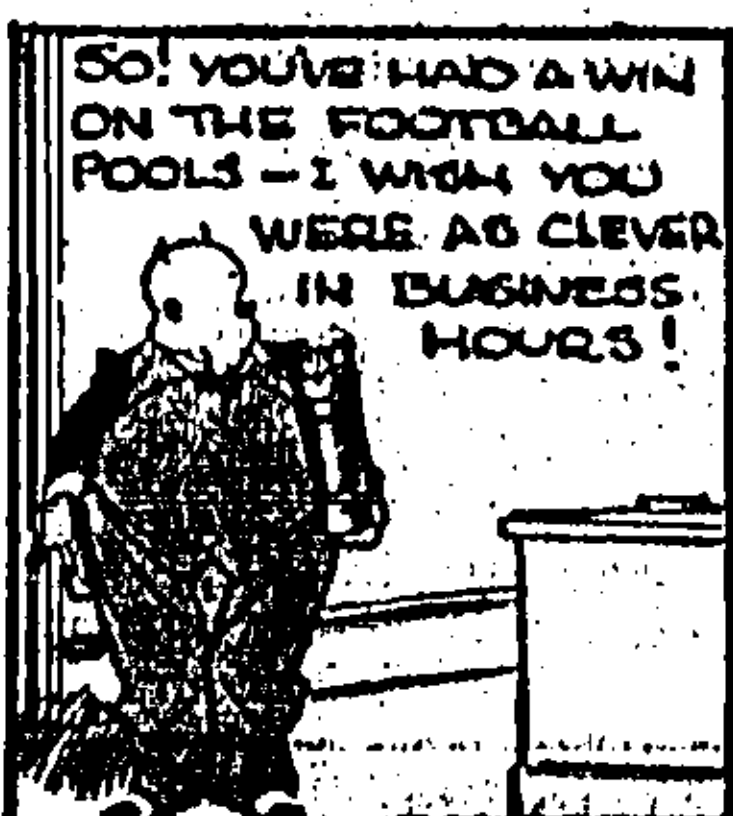
Hoch aye (Scots for Q.E.D.)!

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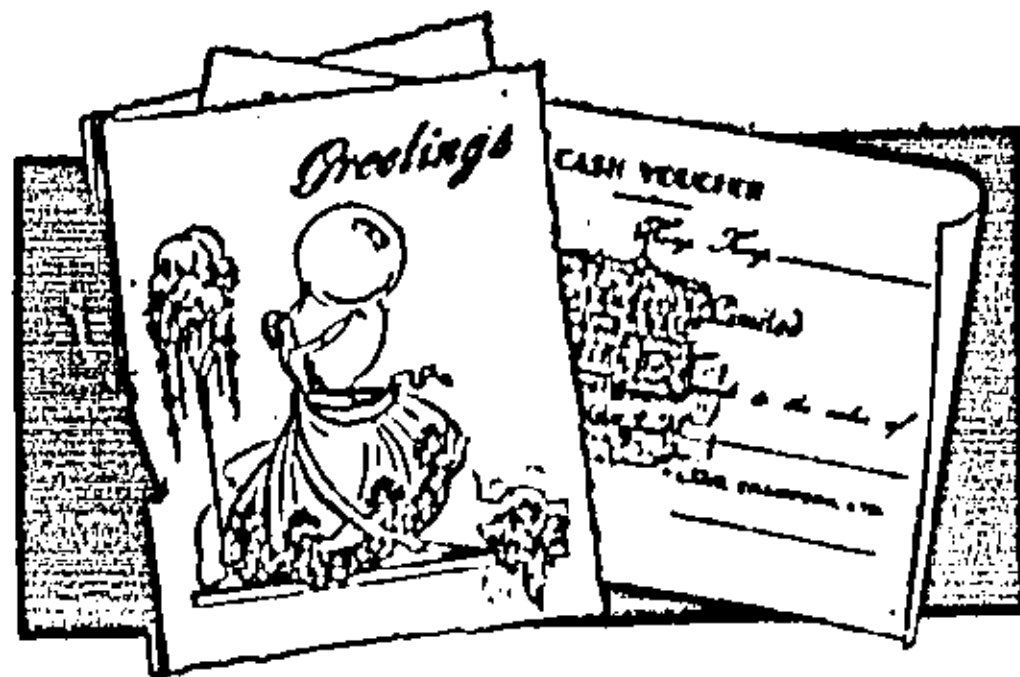
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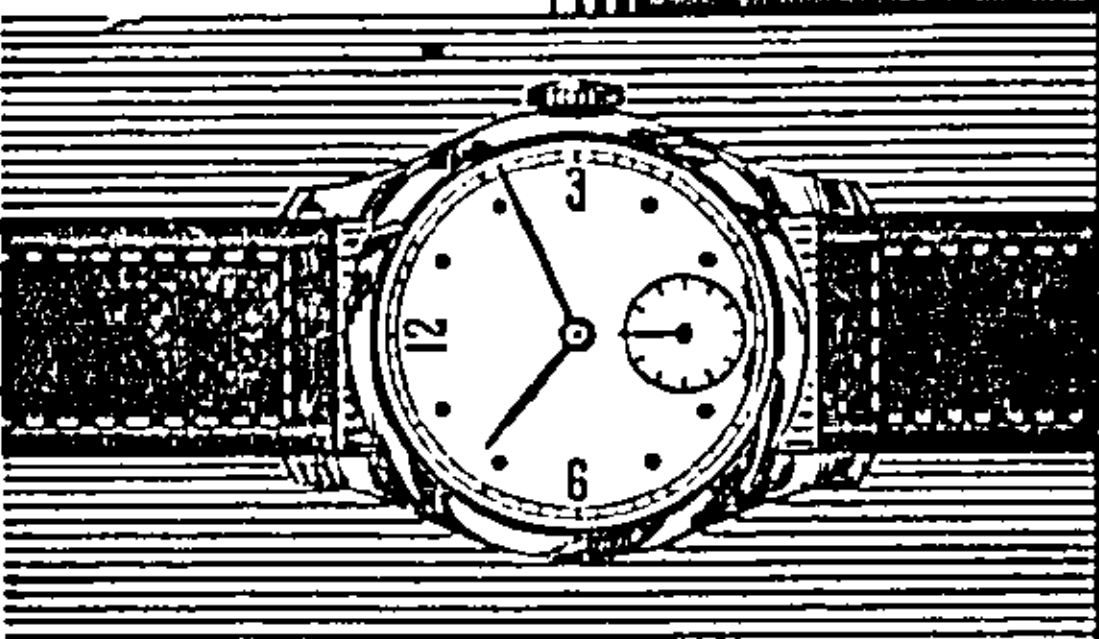
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REFLECTIONS on life at 76

by **W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM**
in a talk with Joseph Garrity

MY rules for a happy life are simple
—almost like a copy-book.
1. Keep sober;
2. Work hard;
3. Do not do anything too
long.

I have always been a wanderer and
shall go on wandering until I am a fixture
in a bath chair. A man who travels gains
experience and becomes less insular.

ONE important change I have been
pleased to see is that women have
gained a freedom undreamed of at the be-
ginning of the century.

In my youth a young girl of the pro-
fessional classes, or upper classes as they
are called, would never have been allowed
out alone.

When they went to dances they had
chaperons. If there had been any night
clubs they would not have been allowed to
go to them.

How things have chang-
ed.

Women today are far
more self-reliant. They un-
dertake all sorts of jobs
considered impossible in
their grandmothers' day.

I have a great-niece who,
because her father was a
rich man, had never done a
day's work in her life. She
married a poor man, and
her life has changed com-
pletely.

She does all the house-
work, cooking, cleaning, and
is now looking after two
babies. She does it all on
her own, and she does it
cheerfully.

Nowadays, when servants
are scarce and expensive,
this situation is common-
place.

Way to success

I BELIEVE about
25,000,000 copies of my
books have been published.
"Of Human Bondage,"
which I wrote 35 years ago,
still sells about 12,000
copies a year. The total
sales of "The Razor's Edge"
are something like 2,500,000
copies.

Now they are bringing
out my stories in the pic-
tures, on records, and in
television.

How do I account for this
phenomenal success so late
in life?

My theory is that it is
because I have lived on.

Men who liked my books
when they were boys of an
impressionable age are still
reading them at 50. I kept
on writing, and I kept
on reading. For 50 years
they have never been
allowed to forget my name.
But if I had died in the
first world war, just after
"Of Human Bondage," I
should have been entirely
forgotten.

Great men

THE period of my lifetime
has been rich in famous
figures, but I do not think
any personality stands out
so clearly or has made such
a brilliant mark in history
as Winston Churchill. He
has dominated the scene for
the last 30 or 40 years.

People use the term
"genius" loosely. In my
opinion the only genius this

century has produced is
Einstein.

My own dear friend H.
G. Wells undoubtedly had
a great influence on the
generation that was begin-
ning to grow up at the be-
ginning of the century. He
made them think for them-
selves.

He was a powerful ad-
vocate for the freedom of
the sexes and, of course, he
was a Socialist.

I was extremely attached
to my old friend Wells, and
his death was a great loss
to me.

His influence, however,
perished long before he
died. He was one of those
people who lived a little too
long for his fame.

What he had to say he
said in the first 30 years.

Didn't want him

I HAVE stopped writing
at the proper time be-
cause I did not want to
make a similar mistake.
Friends have urged me
to continue writing, but I
have made up my mind. I
learned my lesson by
watching other people.

Take the case of Pinero.
At the beginning of the
century he was quite the
top dramatist, not only in
Britain but all over the
world. Managers clamoured
for his plays.

Then I remembered the
day when Pinero said:
"They don't want me any
more." He kept on writing
plays, but managers would
not even look at them.

I thought I
would get out
while the go-
ing was good.
The writer
can live too
long.

Shaw lived
too long for
his fame.
What he wrote
since "Saint
Joan" added
nothing to
his reputation.
And what he
wrote in the
last few years
was just
damaging, and
many people
lost interest in
him.

I don't want
to write any
more. I have
said all I want



Back from New York where his stories
are the rage of Television is 76-year-old
novelist Somerset Maugham. He is in London to
discuss a new film of his works. After 50 years of
writing he has put away his pen because "I have
nothing more to say."

to say. Now I merely
dabble in essays for my per-
sonal enjoyment.

Even at my time of life
there are plenty of other
things to do. But when
you are getting on for 80,
as I am, you don't want to
climb mountains or shoot
down the Cresta Run.

I read a great deal, go to
the theatre, listen to music,
and enjoy the company of a
great number of friends.
Whenever I have an op-
portunity I play bridge. I
am deeply attached to my
garden and pay a lot of at-
tention to it.

Poverty—and riches

I AM very glad to be old
because I know that we
had a better life before
1914 than we have ever
had since. When I look at
my grandchildren I anxiously
wonder what sort of a
life lies before them.

There is the constant
fear of war that we have
been living through in all
these later years, and also
the rising cost of living.

Before 1914 you could be
poor, but it did not really
matter. You could get on
with so little.

During my first ten years
as a professional writer I
earned an average of £100
a year. I had to be very
economical, but I managed.
One could not do that now.

Today we know that the
minimum a workman can
possibly live on is something
between £5 and £6 a week.

Everything is
so terribly ex-
pensive.

One of the
pleasures I hoped
to enjoy on ar-
riving in London
was to have
some oysters. But
I am hanged if
I am going to
pay 21s. a dozen
in these grand
London restau-
rants.

I have made
a fortune, but I
was poor much
too long to waste
my money now.

One change I
am pleased to
see is that the
working class is
enjoying a high-
er standard of
living conditions.

Before the war I used to visit
old friends in Battersea. They
lived in horrible slums, with
bugs under the wallpaper which
crawled everywhere. There
were no bathrooms; the people
were huddled up together in
hopelessly overcrowded con-
ditions.

After the war I went to see
my friends again in a nice
council flat with a bathroom.
They had a gramophone, went
to the pictures twice a week,
and I expect they have a
television set now.

They have a much better
home, and they have deserved
it. Gone is the fear of unem-
ployment.

About ourselves

MY views on the British
character today may not
please everyone. I don't think
the British are so honest as they
used to be, nor nearly so civil
or obliging.

That is undoubtedly due to
the war, the hardships and all
the strain to which they have
been exposed. I believe it is
only a temporary phase.

Another regrettable change I
have noticed is that by force of
circumstances British hospitality
is not so warm. With prices
so high men evidently cannot
afford to share their cigarettes
with friends as they once did.
Entertaining at home, due to the
expense and food rationing, has
practically died out. Then there
is the servant problem.

Yet I find the British are more
sociable than they were, and
not so hostile to strangers.

Welfare state

I AM all for the Welfare
State. I do not believe that
security necessarily robs a man
of incentive.

I wrote because it was in my
nature to write. If the rewards
had been far smaller than they
turned out to be I should still
have been a writer.

I think the Health Service is
a grand scheme.

Some people say the raising
of the standard of living is the
reason for the high cost of
living. But no one in his senses
would grieve about the working
class enjoying their new luxuries.

Of course these things have
to be paid for. But, although
I am no politician, I suspect—
ignorantly, of course—that
the Welfare State could be run
more efficiently and more
economically than it is.

Maybe these initial mistakes
will be corrected as time goes
on—by the Socialists or by
some other Government.

It is no shame to make mis-
takes. People who never make
mistakes never do anything of
any great consequence.

So many people who used to
send their sons to public schools
are now finding the expense too
great. So they are sending
their boys to secondary schools
where they get a very good
education and will mix with
all sorts and conditions of other
people.

It seems to me that this will
make a great difference to the
future of Britain. It will end
snobishness.

I hate snobbery as much as I
hate boiled potatoes.

After death

WHERE religion is concerned
I am an agnostic. I don't
believe in an after-life. I just
cannot see any likelihood of it.
I made up my mind about this
50 years ago, and I have found
no reason to change my views.

The most exciting period of
my life was in 1908 when, as a
struggling author trying with
difficulty to keep body and soul
together, I suddenly found my-
self with four plays running in
London at the same time.

Have I any regrets? Yes, I
deeply regret that I was not
able to enjoy the pleasures of
my youth because I had to work
so hard to earn a living.

—(London Express Service)



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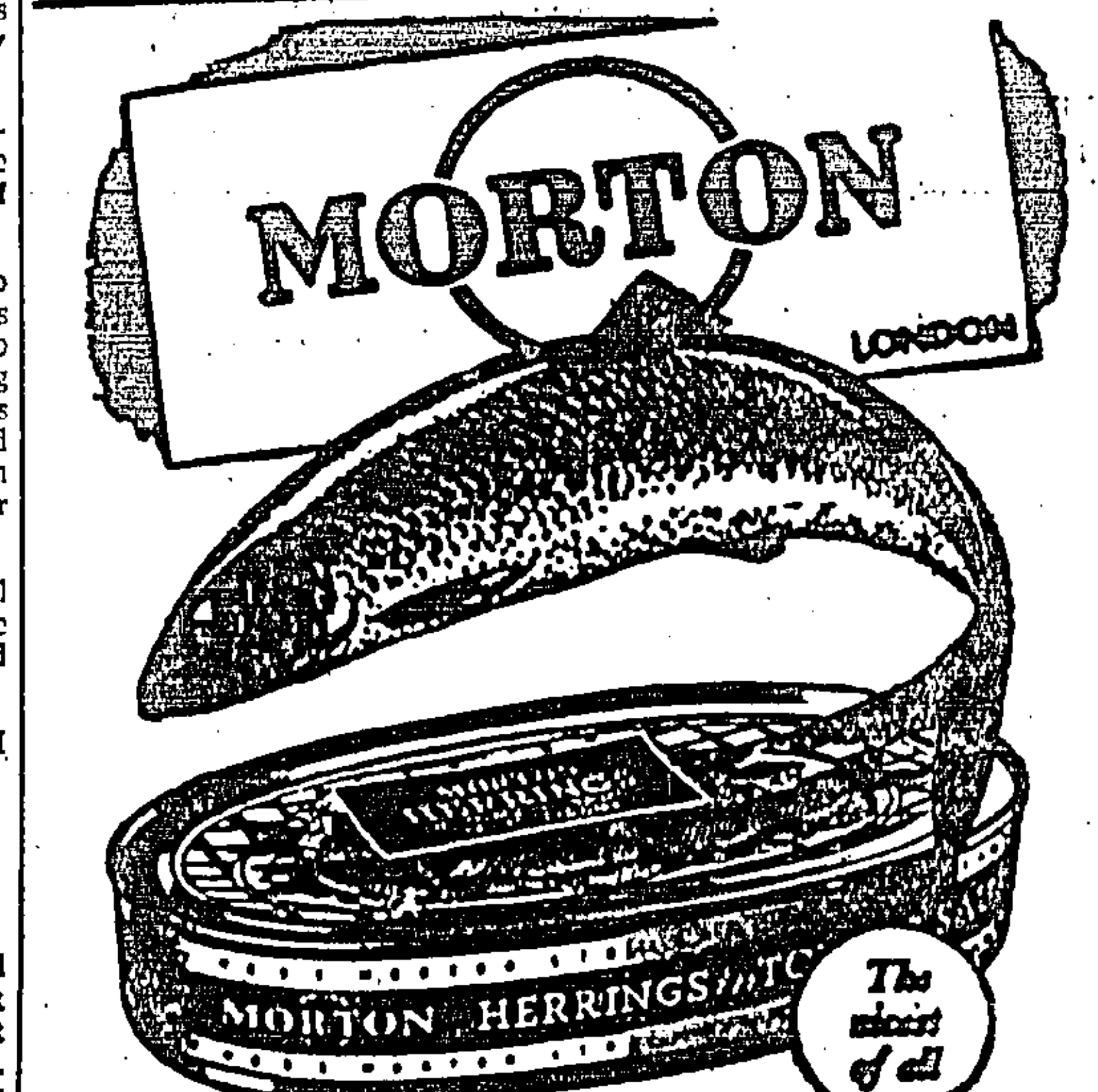
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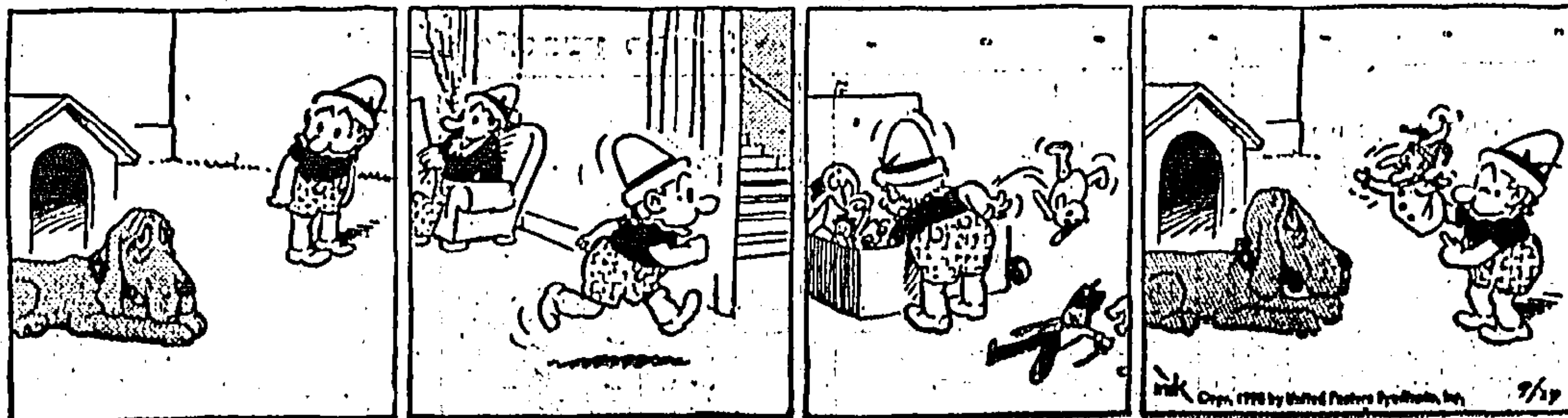
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FERD'NAND

Jest a Waste of Time

By Milk





CAPTAIN R. E. T. Tunbridge, in command of the new P & O luxury liner, Chusan, and Mr J. D. Alexander, head of Messrs Mackinnon, Mackenzie and Company, the agents, greeting Mr and Mrs T. C. Fairburn (right) at the cocktail party given on board the ship when she arrived on her maiden trip last week. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs G. Lambert Renstrom after their wedding at St Joseph's Church last Saturday. The bride was formerly Miss Marguerite Louise Yvonne Ohi. (Staff Photographer)



MR Patrick Luk and Miss Rosaline Lo, who were married at St Joseph's Church last Saturday. (Ming Yuen)



PICTURE taken after the christening of Orlando Manuel, son of Mr and Mrs R. H. Lobo, at St Margaret's Church last Sunday. (Ming Yuen)



PICTURE taken at St Andrew's Church last Saturday after the wedding of Mr James C. Dunn and Miss Jean Hsu. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Scene from "Blood Flower," the play presented by the Tung Chi Middle School which won first prize in the Chinese section of the inter-schools dramatic competition. (Staff Photographer)



MR Albert S. Holmes and his bride, formerly Miss Era Kimberley, photographed with their attendants after their wedding at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken after the wedding at the Roman Catholic Church last Saturday of Sub-Inspector John Malachi Martin, of the Hongkong Police, and Miss Ruth Reynolds. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP taken at the christening of Jeanette Constanco, daughter of Mr and Mrs C. N. Barovsky, at the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Monday last. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Senator Harold E. Stanson (wearing hat) with the U.S. Consul-General, Mr Walter P. McConaughy, at Kai Tak airport when he passed through here last week. (Staff Photographer)



STAFF of the Holland China Trading Company, Ltd., gathered at a farewell dinner in honour of Mr P. H. Kilmanek at the Tai Tung Restaurant last week. Mr Kilmanek (centre, front row), is retiring after 46 years with the firm. (Ming Yuen)



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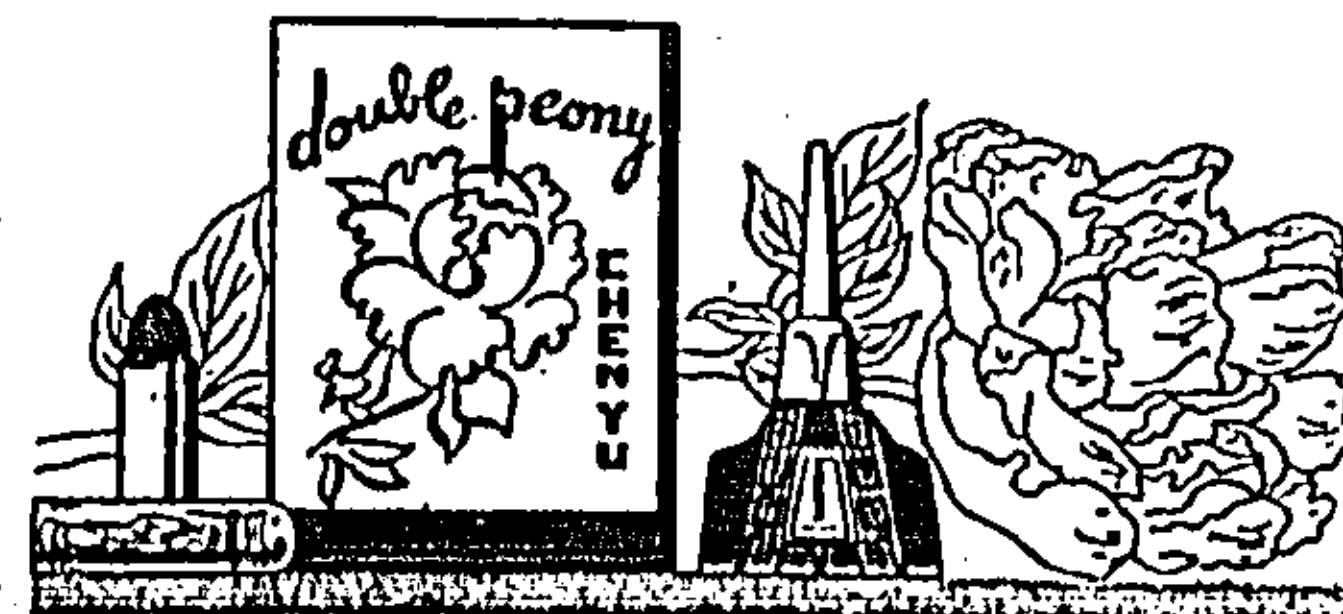
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PARTY RIDDLES

Learn these
to ask at
your Christ-
mas party.

- Q. What words "have" more letters in at Christmas than any other time?
A. Post Box.
Q. On what trees does the mistletoe usually grow?
A. Usually on apples or poplars. Only rarely on oaks.
Q. Was "Good King Wenceslas" the patron saint of Rumania?
A. He was not a king at all, but a prince. He became the patron saint of Bohemia.
Q. Why do we never make square puddings?
A. Because we want them to go round.
Q. The turkeys we eat at Christmas are a breed of fowl which came from Japan, Persia, Mexico, Australia, Egypt, Turkey?
A. Mexico.
Q. Was the carol "Good King Wenceslas" written in Elizabeth's time?
A. No. It was written by a clergyman in the nineteenth century.

Decorate With Stencils

By ELEANOR ROSS

DO those plain walls look just too plain now that company is coming during the holiday season? Is there someone in the family with a talent for painting, not a Rembrandt, you understand, but just someone who is handy enough to do a little picture-decorating. If so, then give a thought to stencilling distinctive designs on those plain walls and really dress up your rooms at a minimum of expense.

Just think how dad would enjoy stencils of golf, sailing, guns, gardening, if such be his hobbies, and how junior would go overboard about the same idea. A bird design would look beautiful in a garden outlook room and a fish or sea floral design would dress up those plain bathroom walls above tiling, beautifully.

Ready-made stencils are available, but for really individual effects, one must cut one's own, using the specially treated stencil paper that is available at most art supply stores. And since the painting craze hit the country, there's an art supply store in almost the smallest locality these days! Equipment includes one of those knives that holds a razor blade or one with a very sharp blade, also a fairly stiff brush for applying the paint. An oil-base, one-coat paint is necessary to keep the colour underneath from showing through the design. For successful results the paint should be picked up sparingly, the brush wiped out on absorbent paper, and then applied through the stencil openings with short strokes.

Hold the brush at right angles to the surface being decorated. Hold the stencil carefully in place, and when removing be very, very careful to prevent it slipping and so blurring the edges. And be sure that the under surface of the stencil is clean and dry before applying motifs. When you buy your stencils or your stencil paper consult the art supply store clerk and chances are that you'll come away with all sorts of helpful hints.

If you hesitate to try your wings, practise on a small, unimportant surface first before going in for a big wall job. You'll soon gain confidence, for it isn't a difficult art to master, and the results should delight you.

Christmas Hints

How about knife sharpeners so that there is no excuse for the man of the house, when he carves the festive bird, to blame a bad job on the tool? On the market are fine, well-designed knife sharpeners both electric and manual. And if perchance, it is a new carving set that is needed, why, surely this is the time to invest in same.

Because there are such wonderful commercial cakes available, many of us have all but given up home baking. But comes the big holiday and there is the urge to turn out a home-made cake. If you haven't one, treat yourself to a professional cake decorator. It does a magnificent job, and it takes but little skill to make cakes look festive. Practise on waxed paper, then set to work to pump out holiday greetings and wishes on those home-made cakes that you'll be so proud to serve.

YULETIDE WOMANSENSE

FASHIONED FOR CHRISTMAS

by Joan Erskine



Do you associate Christmas with Yule logs, falling snow and mistletoe? Or is it garden parties and moonlight bathing in the tropics for you? For the first time, designers have catered for all types of women on all sorts of occasions, and there is more variety in evening dresses than we have seen for many years.

There are three quite distinct lines. First there is the ever romantic full-skirted ball-dress, making the most of a tiny waist and good shoulders. Second comes the sheath dress, tapering from waist to ankle, and giving a smooth unbroken line. Third is the most difficult of all styles—the sheath that bursts into a swirl of flounces just below the knee, giving a "mermaid" silhouette. Here you must be honest with yourself. To wear a dress that fits like a glove to the knees before flowing out in fullness requires

a svelte figure of reasonable height, with small hips. Otherwise the effect is ludicrous. The most beautiful dresses of the season were shown by the Rahvis sisters recently. Here, the mermaid line was for popularity with the ballet-length full-skirted type. A touch that was universally admired, and would be simple to copy, was the tulle coat that accompanied most of the tight dresses. Made in fine matching net, with long tight sleeves, it flowed backwards giving a misty floating look to the outfit.

"Spanish Mania"

"Spanish Mania" was the name given to a black dress that draped round the body like a second skin until it reached the knees, where it burst into a frill of scarlet, green, blue and black net layers. Another, in this style, was brilliant scarlet, sparkling with jewel drops. The skirt was draped round to the front where it fell into cash-like ends, with something of an Eastern look about it.

Although I personally feel that lace and tulle are not well suited to each other, many dresses are now seen with this mixture. Rahvis showed one that billowed out in graceful folds—the main part being in lace, and the frills round the bottom in tulle. It is an excellent idea for the home dressmaker who frequently finds herself with old pieces of lace salvaged from years ago, and is at a loss to know how to fit them into a dress.

If you are making your own dress, instead of attempting a very ambitious style, why not keep to the classic line, but use a really lavish fabric? Lately in London we have seen such original materials as tinsel lame (woven in fine check designs), gleaming metallic jersey, glittering brocade and worsted with a gold thread stripe. The current trend for cocktail dresses is a slim line, broken only by fine pleating, a neat bodice, scarcely any sleeves, and a high neck. Nothing is more effective than a dress of this type in an interesting material.

The two best colours are black and white. If you like neither, then new shades called banana cream or geranium red might appeal. Pastel colours are not fashionable, but both black and white take your fancy, there is nothing more sophisticated than wearing a black pleated chiffon skirt over a rustling white taffeta petticoat, but wear it with an air!

Charming Touches

Thin jewelled caps that fit over very short, or long collared hair, are an important accessory for cocktail parties. Long curling slender feathers high in the air, and sweeping on to one shoulder, are sometimes fixed in the hair with a jewelled clip. Real flowers in your hair are charming, pretty and fresh, but please remember that it gives a very youthful appearance and if you are striving for glamour, this is not the way to achieve it.

Perfume should be as carefully chosen as all your other accessories. Choose one that



Victor Stiebel uses quantities of tulle in different colours for his kaleidoscopic dance dress for Christmas. The colours are sugar pink, mauve, white and spinach green. The brief bodice is in green, which completely veils the enormous skirt, giving a soft shadowy appearance to it. A thick garland of velvet ivy leaves are entwined round the bodice, and climb over one shoulder.

clings, and since Christmas is one time that you may be excused for succumbing to an appealing name, what about "Mistletoe", "Nosegay", "My Love", "Heaven", or our own favourite "Sweet Suggestion"? Quite the most attractive perfume phials seen recently have a "touch valve" that prevents leakage. It is only necessary to stroke the Perfumak on the skin to release the scent.

But Christmas is not entirely composed of cocktail parties or balls. You will want something new to wear in the mornings and afternoons, and perhaps the latest London idea will suit. Velvet, in all colours, is being used for neat straight jackets, cut exactly like a school blazer, with huge smoked pearl buttons, large stitched pockets, and rolled revers. They look extremely attractive over straight tight skirts, are fashionable for cocktails and casual enough to go shopping in.

It will be a season for velvet and tulle. We have seen tucked, pleated, gathered or ruffled tulle worn with a velvet bodice and velvet stole. Alternatively, slim velvet dresses have gained new elegance with the addition of a wide tulle stole. These are apt to float, and in order to cope with the situation gracefully, embroider the ends and weight them with a jewelled fringe.

For a first grown-up winter, the safest things to choose are full skirts and neat sweaters like tops. For cool evenings, black quilted satin skirts with velvet tops are pretty. Sweaters are not necessarily hot and sticky affairs. Lately

we have seen very glamorous ones for evening made in silk jersey, chenille, or fine lawn, with knitted neck, cuffs and welt. One was made in two halves, each with the one-shouldered look. When worn together, it simply looked like a sweater with a deep V neck. The new vogue for tulle dresses is something of a godsend. It is a simple matter to cut the bottom from an unfashionable skirt, make long sleeves, and wear the finished product over a tight slashed undershirt, or a full pleated one. Both are fashionable. This idea can be worked out in different ways. For cocktail, a full-skirted brocade dress is graceful. For evening, simply add a black undershirt. For an evening coat, buy a genuine Chinese mandarin jacket, or have one copied in a rich material. Women in this country are buying great lengths of fine nylon and having it embroidered or painted. They wear it like an Indian sari, one of the most becoming garments ever designed for a woman. Another style from the East is the short embroidered bolero worn over a draped sarong-like skirt.

— And Remember

Primarily, Christmas is a time to enjoy yourself, so don't choose skirts that make sitting a physical effort. Make certain you have a strapless bra that fits perfectly, or a strapless dress will look completely wrong. Wash your hands in cologne for an added touch of fragrance, and for fun, attach a flower to your bare shoulder by using transparent adhesive tape.

Festive Decorations

By ELEANOR ROSS

IT'S high time to be thinking about holiday beauty for the house. No need for large expenditures, but plenty of use for ingenuity, imagination and a sense of the artistic. One little suburban house we know is just the prettiest in the whole development, outdoing by far the decoration of its more pretentious neighbours. And it's all because the front door is transformed into a tremendous holiday gift by passing red and green ribbon (wide strips of dyed linen, really) around the entire door, ending with a huge bow of real satin ribbon, from which there dangles an enormous "Merry Christmas" tag.

Another charming idea is to replace the regular curtain track with such delights as clusters of shining Christmas tree ornaments, stars or bells, held together with bright ribbons. Paint tin can or paper or tin plates, bright red, green, silver or blue; pile with evergreen sprays with a few Christmas candles here and there. Place these in any odd corner that offers plenty of display, for

beauty and colour of the great holiday. Don't forget to save a few for the kitchen, since that room is the scene of most of the work and is usually forgotten in the decorating plan. Fun, too, are tiny wreaths of green yarn brightened with bits of coloured yarn and ribbons. Swag your fireplace with kindergarten chains of gold, red and white or silver and blue paper. Slipcover the lampshade with holly red crepe paper.

Cellophane wrapped tennis or golf balls tied in a cluster to rhododendron leaves simulate and copy nicely the smaller bunches of real mistletoe. Hang them from light bulbs or from cornucopias.

If there is a screen, use it as an overflow for gifts. Hang the Christmas cards to the ribbon by long colourful ribbons, and edge the screens with swag ropes of greenery studded with blue and silver or red and gold shiny balls. Makes an eye-catching decoration. After the gifts have been detached get the youngsters to work attaching Christmas cards to the ribbons, making for another colourful bit of decoration. Place pine branches in tall containers and festoon with silver and pile green or red ribbon garlands, caught here and there with butterfly bows.

It's magic, gay, green magic. That's what a Christmas wreath is! So deck your door, your

other appropriate spot you can find with beautiful holiday wreaths. There are beautiful in the shops, to be sure, but it is fun to make one or more of the household wreaths, making a party out of the task, as indeed all preparations for the holiday should be.

For a large table, a wreath flanked by colourful candles creates a delightful centrepiece. One way of working out a table wreath is to start with a round flat plate or tray of silver, pottery or glass, or if you have other uses planned for these, then cut a circle out of gold or silver paper. Wax magnolia or avocado leaves and lace them flat in an imaginary circle within the rounded area of plate or tray or paper. Arrange the leaves carefully, placing the stem end of the leaf in the line, turning the tip outward, lapping the next over it, turning the tip inward, and alternating the leaves thus around the circle until they form a flat, shiny, dark green wreath.

Then place small but perfect fruits, nuts, berries, cones so that they seem to grow from the imaginary line. Group the fruit carefully, always having one group predominate, tucking groups of pine cones and flowers carefully in with the fruit. Set in the centre a large candle or some dainty figurine. If you have the time, shellac the fruit for shine, for dash and to pre-



CHRISTMAS AT HOME

Wonderful Excuse For An Orgy

Don't Forget...

When one thinks of the hundreds of little things which the average housewife has to remember, we can readily forgive and understand if she forgets occasionally. However, every good housewife hates forgetting things, for it usually happens that she forgets something which upsets things rather badly—as well as herself! Here are a few hints about the things you may forget if you are not very careful.

● Be sure you have plenty of condensed milk—both sweet and unsweetened—in the house as well as some tinned or bottled cream.

● Do not get too much bread in. People eat less bread at Christmas time than any other time in the year. Average your usual supply, and allow about two loaves extra, and you will find you will not be braving trying to eat stale bread for the next fortnight.

● Make certain that your gas cooker is in perfect order. If it is not a postcard or telephone call to the company will soon put matters right. Remember that the earlier you can get your cooking done on Christmas Day, the easier it will be to do.

● Get all the cooking you can do on Christmas Eve, to leave the oven free for the turkey. Do make sure that you have a pan big enough for the turkey.

● Have plenty of stamps, sealing wax, spare greeting cards and small change.

For Christmas Cocktails



Key gleam of white satin—in place of black for cocktail time. The hat is in quilted satin and was designed in Paris.

—(London Express Service)

STOCKING TIPS

Christmas stockings will contain some ingenious novelties this year. Odd scraps of cretonne, coloured wrappings and wall papers have been used for boxes in which to pack that extra sweet something which children set for Christmas.

But the boxes will leave children guessing for they are shaped like divans, arm chairs, covered baskets and Spanish galleons.

The furniture is upholstered with cretonne—good for dolls' houses after the contents have been eaten—the galleons have gay yellow sails.

Decorations for the nursery Christmas cake strike a bright note with white doves on golden rings. For trimming you can combine miniature paper flags with red, white and blue flowering shrubs, rising from a base of coiled wire painted white. You can take your choice between white or silver leaves.

CHRISTMAS presents us with a wonderful excuse to indulge in an orgy of eating and drinking. Steaming bowls of punch, a profusion of sweetmeats, ice-cold cocktails, and blazing plum-puddings fill our thoughts. Whether we celebrate in style, or quietly at home with the family, new recipes are tried out, new drinks concocted, and a glutinous time is had by all.

In the words of an old drinking song:

"This ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old times
Of joyous days and jolly nights and Merry Christmas chimes
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave and true
That dipped their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new."

Here are two favourite punch recipes:

BOMBAY PUNCH
1 qt. Brandy
1 qt. Sherry
1 pt. Maraschino
1 pt. Orange Curacao
4 qts. Champagne
2 qts. Carbonated Water

GLASGOW PUNCH
Melt lump sugar in cold water, with the juice of a couple of lemons, and pass through fine hair strainer. This is the sherbert and must be well mingled. Then add old Jamaica rum—one part of rum to five of sherbert. Cut a couple of limes in two and run each section rapidly round the edge of the jug or bowl, gently squeezing in some of the delicate acid. This done, the punch is made. Imbibe freely.

Cocktails lead a rather more sophisticated existence. Earliest reference to the cocktail in print comes from an American periodical called "The Balance," dated May 13th, 1806. It says "Cocktail is a stimulating liquor composed of spirits of any kind, sugar, water, and bitters—it is vulgarly called bitters and is supposed to be an excellent effeteoneering potion."

Here are some stimulating, and reliable, recipes:
CHARLES COCKTAIL
(Now becoming popular again because it is the only known authentic Jacobite cocktail—and Princess Elizabeth's two children, Princess Anne and Prince Charles both bear Jacobite names—the first Royal children to do so for generations.)
1 dash Angostura Bitters
1/2 Italian Vermouth
1/2 Brandy

DAMN-THE-WEATHER COCKTAIL
3 dashes Curacao
1/4 Orange Juice
1/4 Italian Vermouth
1/2 Dry Gin

THUNDERCLAP COCKTAIL
Thoroughly shake up 2 glasses of Brandy, 2 of Gin, and 2 of Whiskey. Serve! To the six people. Then run for your life.

CHINESE COCKTAIL
1 dash Angostura Bitters
3 dashes Maraschino
3 dashes Curacao
1/4 Grenadine
1/4 Jamaica rum

SPANISHTOWN COCKTAIL
5 glasses Rum
1 dessertspoon Curacao

ARTISTS (SPECIAL) COCKTAIL
(A recipe from the Artist's Club, Rue Pigalle, Paris).
1/4 Whisky
1/4 Sherry
1/4 Lemon Juice
1/4 Grenadine Syrup

PANAMA COCKTAIL
1/4 Creme de Cacao
1/4 Sweet Cream
1/4 Brandy

SWEETS (Without Using Too Much Sugar) for CHRISTMAS

WITH sugar so expensive, there will not be enough to make many of those special candies you would like to have at Christmas; but there are certain sweetstuffs you can make that will enable you to "stretch" sugar.

There is, for instance, mock marzipan, made with soya flour. Here is a simple recipe for the imitation almond paste or marzipan.
Melt 1oz. margarine in a table-spoon water. Remove from the fire and add a teaspoon of vanilla or almond essence, and 2oz. sugar. Return to the lowest possible heat and warm together for a minute. Remove and stir in 2oz. soya flour until well mixed, then knead on a board.

It is now ready to turn into: (1) tiny "potatoes," made by pinching off small pieces of the mockery, rolling them between the palms into potato shapes, marking in the eyes, and finally rolling them in cocoa; (2) miniature apples and pears, modelled to shape and dabbed with diluted red and green culinary colourings, with covers for "stalks"; (3) swans, shaped and tinted with diluted culinary red, with green holly-leaf decoration cut out for tails.
Another idea is to work a little melted chocolate into some of the "marzipan" and form into balls. Stir another is to press halved walnuts on each side of small rounds.

CHOCOLATE CLUSTERS

BREAK a 4oz. bar of eating chocolate into a fairly large bowl, and in it put two rounded half-ways up. When it is just melted and soft, stir into it as many hazel nuts, or walnuts, or

By HELEN BURKE

it will take. If you can spare any sultanas, make some sultana clusters, too. Place little heaps on greaseproof paper to harden.

For small children who might find nuts indigestible, make Chocolate Corn Nougats by melting the chocolate as above and very lightly stirring in an ounce of ready-to-eat breakfast flakes.

TUTTI-FRUTTI

PUT through the mincing machine 1/2lb. dates, 1/2lb. sultanas, 1/2lb. each apricots and figs (previously soaked for several hours) and 1/2lb. shelled walnuts. Sprinkle a little sugar on a pastry board and knead the mixture into Tutti-Frutti. Form into a slender roll, cut into 1/4in. pieces, then roll in icing sugar and cornflour.

STUFFED DATES

USE dessert dates. Cut a slit, lengthwise, in each, remove the stone and, in its place slip in a quarter of a walnut or a small roll of mock marzipan. Roll in caster sugar.

MARSHMALLOWS

SOFTEN 1/2oz. best quality powdered gelatine in one-eighth pint water. Melt 1/2lb. sugar in one-eighth pint water in a pan, without stirring, then boil for 3-4 minutes, still without stirring. Pour in a thin stream over the gelatine, beating as you pour. Beat for 10 minutes. Add a tablespoon orange flavour or essence and continue to beat until thick and white. Turn into a large shallow tin, greased and dusted with cornflour.

Next day, remove from the tin and cut into small squares with a knife. Roll in equal amounts of cornflour and sifted icing sugar. The mixture can be divided in half before the flavouring is added.

WELCOME STRANGER COCKTAIL
1/4 Grenadine
1/4 Orange Juice
1/4 Lemon Juice
1/4 Gin
1/4 Cederlund's Swedish Punch
1/4 Brandy

Shake well and strain into cocktail glasses.
Amuse yourselves with the following variations on a well-known theme:

SINGAPORE SLING
Juice of 1/4 lemon
1/4 Dry Gin
1/2 Cherry Brandy

Shake well and strain into medium sized glass and fill with soda water. Add one lump of ice.
TEXAS FIZZ
The juice of 1/4 orange
The juice of 1/4 lemon
1 teaspoonful powdered sugar
1 glass of dry gin

Shake well, strain into medium sized glass and fill with syphon soda water.
MANHATTAN COOLER
1/2 tablespoon powdered sugar
Juice of 1/4 lemon
1 glass Calvados

Shake well and strain into long tumbler. Fill with soda water and decorate with slices of fruit in season.
SANTA CRUZ RUM DAISY
Use small Bar Glass
3 or 4 dashes Gomme Syrup
2 or 3 dashes Maraschino or Curacao

Fill glass 1/4 full of shaved ice. Shake thoroughly. Strain into a large cocktail glass and fill up with Seltzer or Apollinaris water.
SOUTHERN MINT JULEP
4 sprigs Fresh mint
1/2 tablespoon Powdered Sugar

1 glass of Bourbon, Rye, or Canadian Club Whisky.
Use long tumbler and crush the mint leaves and dissolved sugar lightly together. Add spirits and fill glass with cracked ice; stir gently until glass is frosted. Decorate on top with three sprigs of mint.

And to really enliven the party

A BLUE BLAZER
Use 2 large silver-plated mugs with handles
1 Wineglass Scotch whisky
1 Wineglass Boiling water

Put the whisky into one mug and the boiling water into the other. Ignite the whisky with fire and while blazing, mix both ingredients by pouring them four or five times from one mug to the other. If well done, this will have the appearance of a continued stream of liquid fire.

Sweeten with one teaspoonful of powdered white sugar, and serve in a small bar tumbler, with a piece of lemon peel.
"The name may not be very classic, but it tastes better than it sounds. Novices should be careful not to scald themselves. Practise for sometime with cold water throwing from one mug to the other."

For teenagers here is a non-alcoholic punch:

PARTY PUNCH (FOR FIFTY)
Take 1 1/2 pints thin syrup, 1 1/2 pints boiling water, 1/4 cup tea, 1/4 pint orange squash, 1/2 pint lemon squash, 1 1/2 pints pineapple juice or grapefruit squash, 1 1/2 qts. ginger ale, slices of orange, Maraschino cherries or any other available fruit.
Put the syrup into a large bowl. Make the tea with the boiling water, allow to steep, then strain into the syrup. Mix the remaining ingredients and add them. Serve very cold.

And to finish the evening—

COFFEE CREOLE
Freshly-made fairly strong coffee.
Demerara sugar or coffee crystals.
Brandy.

Prepare the coffee and when it is ready to serve, pour into your finest coffee cups. Fill a teaspoon with the sugar and brandy mixed and hold it over a flame (the heater for your vacuum coffee maker or hot-plate is best) until the sugar melts and bubbles with the brandy. Then, while the spoon is still hot, stir this into the cup of coffee. The spoonfuls of brandy caramel are prepared individually for each cup, and you will find your guests enjoy making their own.

TURKISH DELIGHT
PUT 1/2oz. powdered gelatine into a pan with 1/4 pint water, 1/2lb. sugar and the juice of half a lemon. Bring slowly to boiling point, then boil gently for seven minutes, stirring three times.

Runse two deep plates in cold water. Into one put the merest touch of cochineal and a few drops of vanilla essence. Pour in half the hot mixture and stir to blend colour and flavour.

Into the other put a drop of yellow culinary colouring, a few drops lemon essence and 1oz. chopped blanched almonds. Stir in the remaining hot syrup and leave both to set. When very firm, cut into small squares with a knife dipped in hot water, then roll in icing sugar.

FONDANTS
WITH a very simple, quickly prepared fondant mixture, you can make a variety of attractive sweets. Mix well together a white of egg, a pinch of salt and a little icing sugar (rolled and sieved). Add more sugar, a little at a time, until the mixture is of a nice moulding consistency, then add 1/4 teaspoon glycerine.

Now divide the fondant into several portions of desired colour and flavour as you like. Knead the colouring and flavourings well in then roll small pieces of the fondant between the palms and place on cornflour-sprinkled paper to become firm.

Flatten the pieces slightly and lightly press a half walnut or blanched almond on top of each, or just use portions of fondant to stuff dates in place of the mock marzipan.

Suggestions for culinary colouring: (1) yellow: Yellow and vanilla, red and strawberry green and white. If you like you can leave the fondant white and flavour it with peppermint.

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SPECIAL GALA DINNER
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DINNER DANCE

NEW YEAR'S EVE —
December 31st

SPECIAL GALA DINNER
DANCE till 2 a.m.

In the
ROOF GARDEN
December 25th

CHRISTMAS TIFFIN
CHRISTMAS DINNER
DANCE

REPULSE BAY HOTEL

XMAS EVE—December 24th
SUNDAY TEA DANCE,
4-6 p.m.

GALA DINNER DANCE
till 2 a.m.

XMAS DAY —
December 25th

SPECIAL TEA DANCE,
4-6 p.m.

NEW YEAR'S EVE —
December 31st

SUNDAY TEA DANCE,
4-6 p.m.

GALA DINNER DANCE
till 2 a.m.

NEW YEAR'S DAY —
January 1st, 1951

SPECIAL TEA DANCE,
4-6 p.m.

"LIDO"

Repulse Bay

NEW YEAR'S EVE —
December 31st

SPECIAL DINNER DANCE
till 2 a.m.

The Hongkong & Shanghai Hotels, Limited.



PICTURE taken at a dinner party given in honour of Mrs P. Cokam (fourth from left), who is leaving for Australia, by the staff of Messrs M. Bator-Lynn Hollwig Ltd. (Staff Photographer)



AT a St Barbara's Day dance held recently at the Royal Artillery Sergeants' Mess, Lyemun Barracks. From left: Lt-Col. D. J. Simmonds, Mrs Salaman, Major Salaman, Mrs White and RSM White. (Era)



HOOPLA, a popular attraction at the annual bazaar of the Society of St Vincent de Paul, held in the grounds of St Mary's School last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Bridal group taken after the wedding, at the Precious Blood Chapel last Saturday, of Mr Thomas Haggerty and Miss Mary Fisher. (Ming Yuen)



AT the Hongkong Junior Chamber of Commerce dinner dance, held on Monday evening at the Hongkong Hotel. Left: The President, Mr Edward Tan, dancing. Above: Mr Arnold Hall, Secretary of the Chamber, and party. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Picture taken on the occasion of the christening of Molra, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs B. Sheehan, at St Joseph's Church last Saturday. (Ming Yuen)



OUTSIDE St John's Cathedral after the christening last Sunday of Adrian Robert, son of Mr and Mrs D. O. Tebbutt. (Ming Yuen)



LEFT: Sir Arthur Rucker, Deputy Director-General of the International Refugee Organisation (in dark suit), seen at the cocktail party given in his honour with Mr Geoffrey Aldington, Political Advisor to the Hongkong Government. At the same party (below): Mr H. C. Patterson, Mr C. Findlay Andrew and Madame S. Ducimetiere. (Staff Photographer)

GROUP picture taken at a farewell reception given in honour of Mrs A. W. Ingram by the Women's Section of the European YMCA. Mrs Ingram is the wife of the General Secretary of the YMCA, who is retiring after more than 25 years in Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)



FRIENDS of Dorothy and Jeanette Gill, daughters of Mr and Mrs A. A. Gill, at their joint birthday party recently. (Mainland Studio)



YOUNG friends of Ruth and Richard Williamson, children of Mr and Mrs H. N. Williamson, who attended their Christmas party last Saturday. (Chans Studio)

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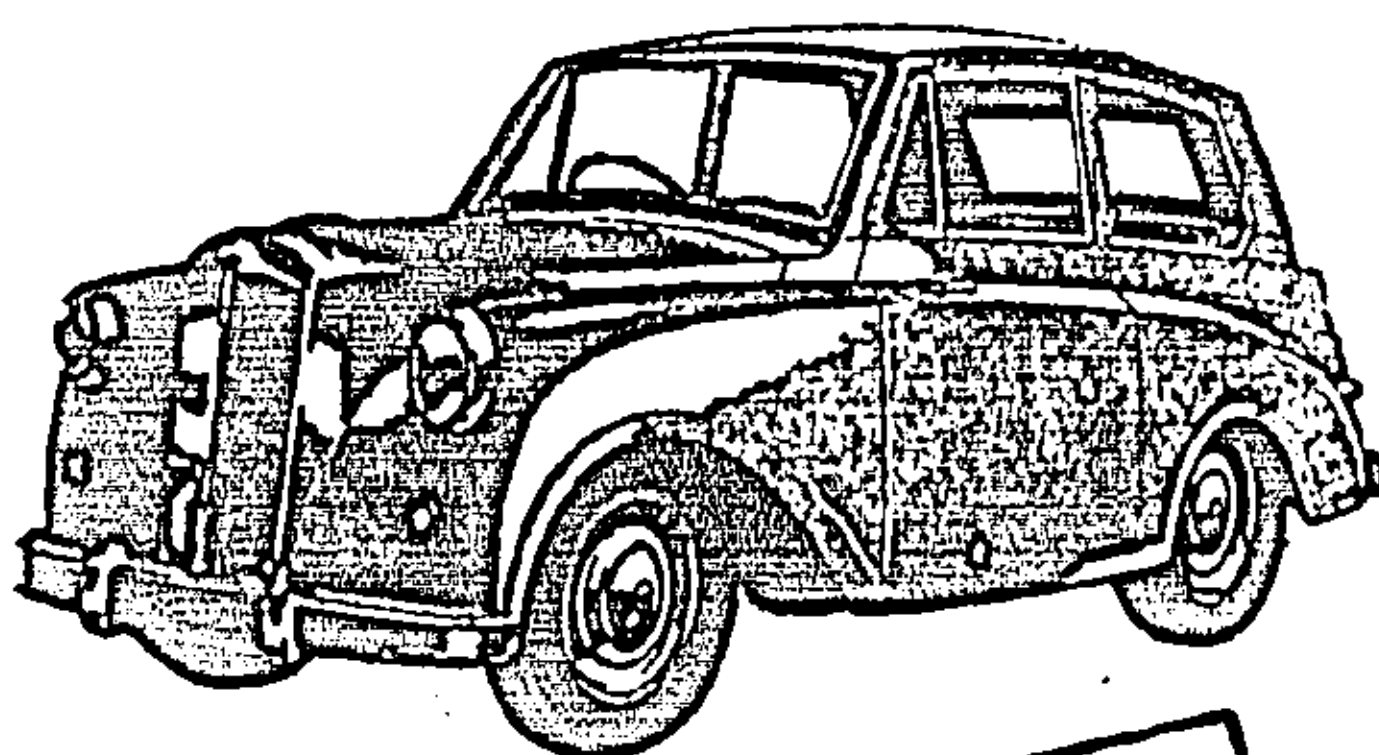
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BOYS' AND GIRLS' CHRISTMAS

MOKEY AND THE SNOW

A Story by BRUCE BLUNT

MOKEY woke up. The room was dark. "How strange!" he thought. "I must have woken up earlier than usual." It was very strange, because Mokey was a lazy little donkey, and nearly always woke up later than usual.

He lit the candle which stood by his bedside, and looked at his clock. The hands pointed to eight o'clock. This was not so strange, because they always did. Mokey had found the clock on a rubbish heap, months ago, and he was very proud of it. Not only the clock but an empty feeling inside told Mokey that it was breakfast time. This made the darkness seem even more queer. He glanced towards the window. It was light after all. Through the half-drawn curtains he could see light. But something very queer indeed had happened. The air tree had gone in the night.

From where he lay in bed Mokey could always see the air tree through the curtains. Sometimes he would see it on moonlight nights, glittering with frost, but it was always the first thing which he looked for in the daylight. And now it had gone.

Mokey jumped out of bed and pulled the curtains wide apart. Everything had gone. There was nothing to be seen except the window-panes glittering in the candle-light.

"Hoar frost," said Mokey to himself. He pulled down the window in order to see out. A shower of snow fell on top of his head. For a moment he was too surprised to do anything. Then he closed the window with a bang.

He took the key from the door and peeped through the keyhole. He could see nothing. Very gently he turned the handle and opened the door just a tiny bit. He was not going to be caught again. Mokey shut the door quickly. He had seen enough through the crack. There was snow right up to the top of the door. The very, very worst had happened. He was snowed in.

Mokey went back to bed and began to think of all the awful things which were going to happen to him. He was going to be hungry. He was going to miss Penelope's party. Since Penelope was a witch, her parties were most exciting. Mokey

began to feel very lonely indeed.

He was just beginning to think about having a good cry, when he heard a faint "tap-tap... tap-tap." It seemed to come from the bottom of the door. He jumped out of bed, put his ear to the door, and called, "Who is there?"

"Open the door," squeaked a voice. "It's me... Mouldy."

Mokey opened the door, and was instantly buried in a mound of snow. He had forgotten to be careful that time.

"That's a nice welcome to give anyone, I must say," squeaked Mouldy. "But still, it's the sort of welcome I get wherever I go. Only not quite so much of it, as a rule."

"It wasn't really my fault," said Mokey. "In fact, I've never been so pleased to see anyone in my life."

"I should hope not," answered Mouldy. "I've been digging for you for two hours. I've made a tunnel big enough for you to crawl along. There is only a huge great snowdrift round your house. My tunnel comes into the open by the field-path. Come along. You had better bring your lantern. You creatures are so clumsy in the dark."

When they had gone some little distance, Mokey noticed in the glimmer of his lantern a turning which went to the right.

"What is that turning?" he asked.

"It's not a turning, really," answered Mouldy. "It's one of Rabbit's old burrows. My tunnel just happened to cut across it."

When Mokey came to the turning, most beautiful smell came to his nostrils. He put down his lantern and sniffed. It was the smell of dried grass. This was too much for a donkey who had had no breakfast. Mokey thrust his head into the turning, and his mouth closed on a bunch of grass. But not for long.

In another second, he shot back in the tunnel, and his cries echoed along it. "Ooh... ooh... ooh... ow!" he yelled. "Something has pricked my nose all over."

"It serves you right," came a cross voice from the turning, "for trying to eat my bed."

It was Hod, the Hedgehog, in the middle of his winter's sleep.

"Fancy trying to eat a person's bed," he went on. "Not only that, but you've woken me up six weeks too soon. Please go away, and take that light with you. It is keeping me awake."

Mokey picked up his lantern and went on. He had not gone far before he heard the most tremendous snoring. Hod was settling down to sleep again. Mokey's nose still smarted.

Mouldy, who had gone on ahead, was waiting for his companion at the mouth of the tunnel. As he came out into the daylight, Mokey took a deep breath. How lovely it was to be in the fresh air again!

He was trying to think of some way in which he could repay Mouldy for his kindness in rescuing him when he suddenly thought of Penelope's party.

"I say, Mouldy, are you going to Penelope's party?" he began, "because if..."

"Party!" said Mouldy. "Nobody ever invites me to a party. That is what comes of living underground. One gets out of touch with things."

"Well, come along to Penelope's, then," said Mokey.

"I'll come," said Mouldy sadly, "but I shan't know what to do, or eat, or drink, or say. I shall be very unhappy."

So the two set off across the snow for Badger's Wood, where Penelope's cottage was. When they got there the door was open, and they could see Penelope inside the room, looking very cross.

"What are you doing here?" she screeched at them.

"Please, we've come to the party," Mokey answered.

"What party?" cried Penelope. "Oh that party! It's over. It was the day before yesterday."

"Just my luck," sighed Mouldy. "When I am invited to a party, it would be an old one." He vanished into the ground.

As for Mokey, he was so hungry that he could have cried.

"Oh, I am so hungry," he said, half aloud.

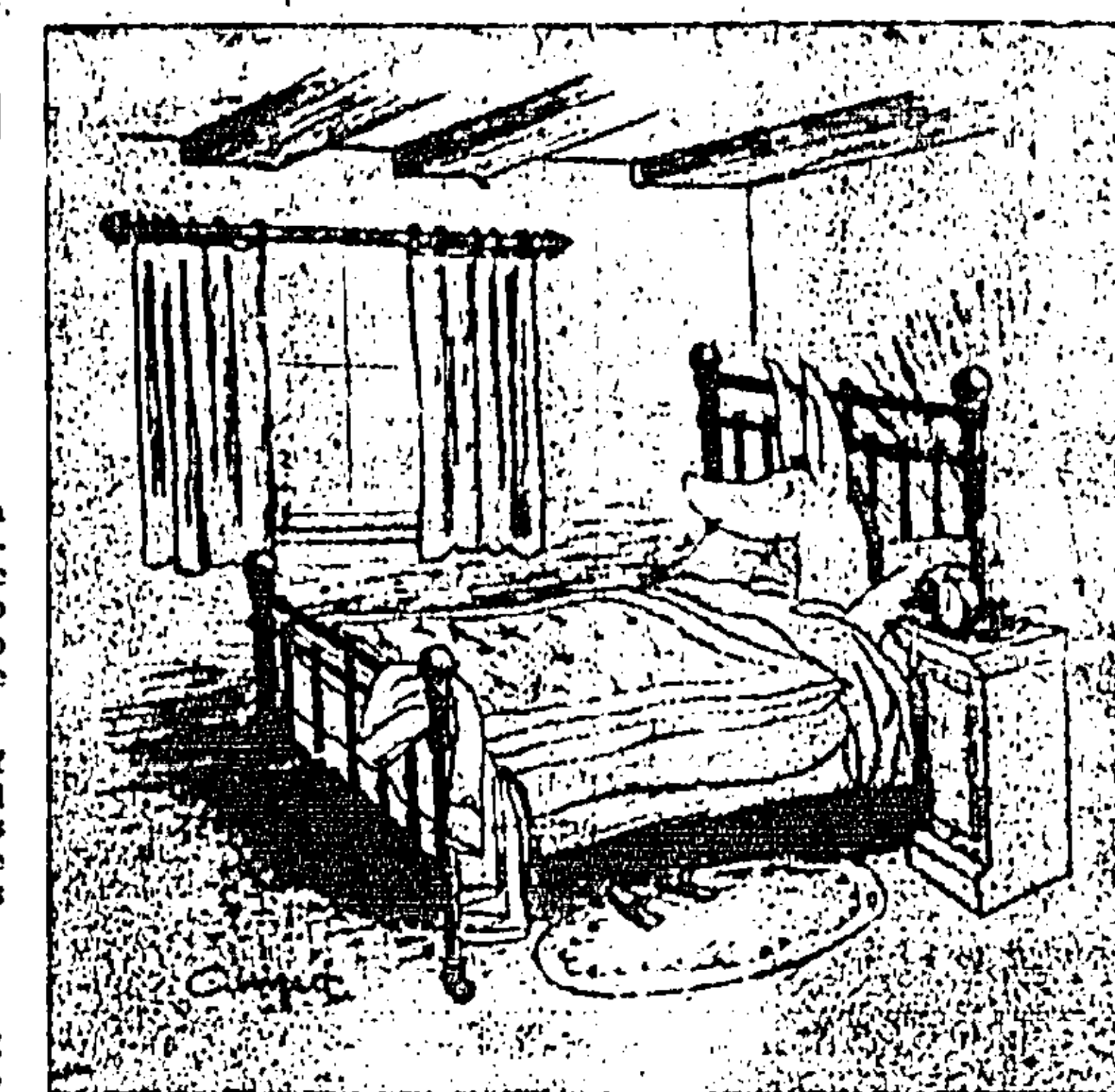
"I think I can find you a very small carrot," said a voice from somewhere inside the room. And the next moment a kitten came through the doorway.

It was Ugly's Ginger Baby. "Hello! What are you doing here?" asked Mokey.

"I'm living here now," said the Ginger Baby. "Ever since the black cat left her because she could not put up with her singing, I've been Penelope's cat."

"And my magic has gone to pieces ever since you came," snapped Penelope.

"What magic?" asked Mokey. "Ginger magic, of course," yelled the witch. "Always do the magic which matches the cat. Black cat—black magic. White cat—white magic. I'd even have a try at tabby magic. If I had a tabby cat. But ginger magic is difficult enough. The books say very little about it. I cannot seem to get it right. Look at my hair."



Mokey wakes up later than usual

Mokey looked and saw with a shock that half of it was grey and the other half bright red.

"That is what comes of trying to dye my hair ginger," said Penelope. "Only half the spell worked."

By this time the Ginger Baby had brought along a very small carrot. "Ask Penelope to make it larger," said the kitten. Mokey immediately asked her to make it into the largest carrot ever known.

The witch made some passes and mumbled some words. The carrot shrank, and turned into a knob of solid ginger.

Mokey could not eat ginger, and wished that he had been content with the carrot, however small it was. He began to think that his only chance of getting a good meal was from the store of food in his own garden-shed.

"Please, Penelope, can you make the snow disappear from round my house?" he asked.

"Oh, that is quite easy," said the witch. She picked up a handful of snow, made it into a ball, and melted it in a cauldron. "The snow round your house has gone already," she said.

Mokey started to turn round for home.

"Have a cup of tea before you go?" the witch asked him. As he was very cold Mokey was glad to accept it. But when it was poured out he took one gulp of it and ran. It had turned into ginger beer.

"Have a cup of tea before you go?" the witch asked him. As he was very cold Mokey was glad to accept it. But when it was poured out he took one gulp of it and ran. It had turned into ginger beer.

When he had eaten them all he went to bed, and the Ginger Baby curled up by the fire-place.

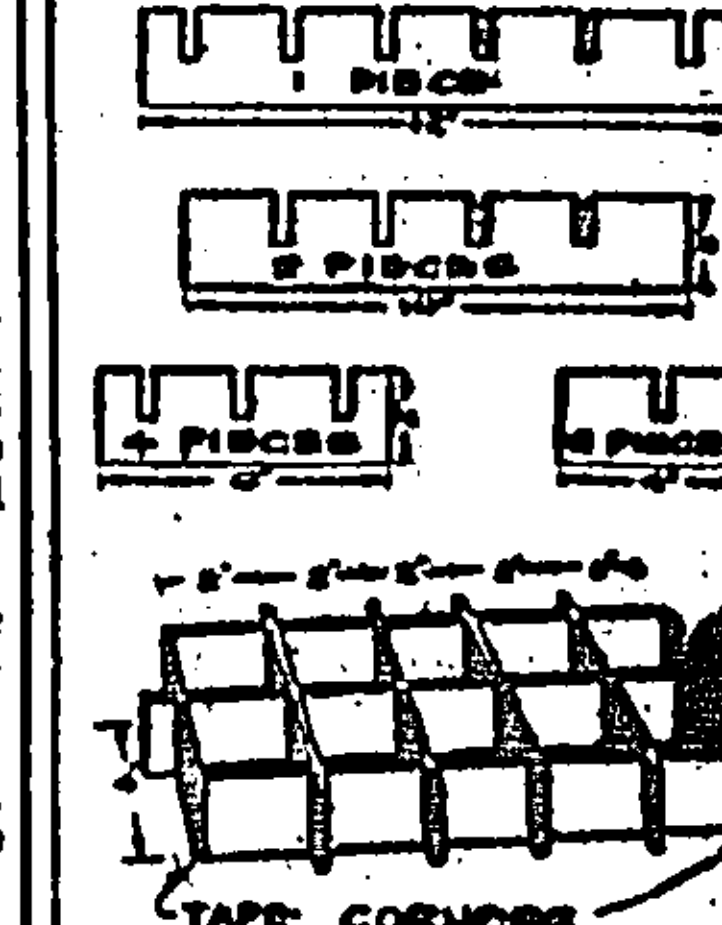
"I suppose it was because I was only a kitten that the spells only came half right. She ought to have thought of that," mused the Ginger Baby, as it fell asleep.

BOXED BOUNCE

BOXED BOUNCES played either indoors or outdoors. Take a heavy corrugated carton, inches deep, and cut up the following lengths: 4 pieces 12 inches long, 1 piece 6 inches long, 1 piece 10 inches long, two pieces 4 inches long.

Make one-inch deep slots in half-way through the 12-inch depth of the pieces as follows: One inch and three inches from the ends of four six-inch pieces; one inch from the ends of the 10-

BOX CONSTRUCTION



pieces; two and four inches from the ends of the two 10-inch pieces; and two inches from the ends of the two four-inch pieces.

Now cross the pieces, fitting the slots into one another, you will have a compact box shown in the sketch. Tape four corners of the box so it will stay in one piece during the game.

To play, use a two-inch rubber ball, or a tennis ball. Place the box on the floor, ground, stand about eight inches away, and bounce the ball will land in the box.

To score a point, the ball must stay in one of the compartments. Each player to three turns and you can't own limits on the number of points that make a game. It is a good idea, however, to make a decision before starting the game as to whether the ball must land in the box after the first or second bounce.

Pet Turtles

PET turtles stay healthy if not overfed. Once a day is maximum. Offer him bits raw fish, beef and liver, chopped as finely as possible. "Bart worm meal" may be included well. Mix with a drop cod liver oil occasionally strengthen his shell and only as much food as he immediately.

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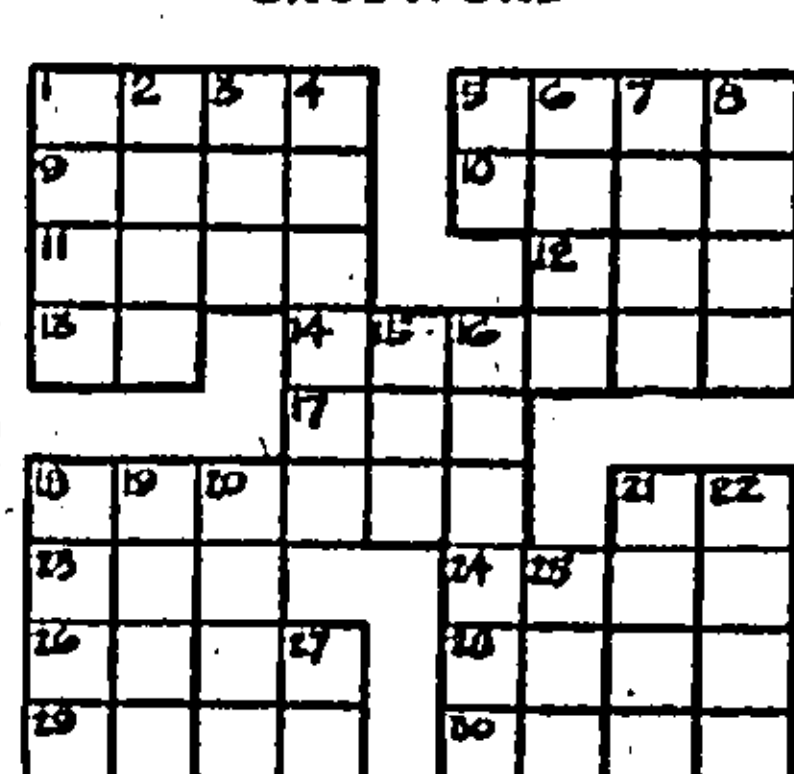
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PUZZLE PATCH

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Winter vehicle
- 5 Plant part
- 9 Peel
- 10 Rant
- 11 Operatic solo
- 12 Legal point
- 13 Road (abbr.)
- 14 Speedsters
- 17 Age
- 18 Ensnare
- 21 Parent
- 23 Drone bee
- 24 Wicked
- 26 Notion
- 28 Get up
- 29 Golf mounds
- 30 Salute

DOWN

- 1 Box
- 2 Grease
- 3 Silkworm
- 4 More expensive
- 5 Senior (abbr.)
- 6 Waste allowance
- 7 At all times
- 8 Disorder
- 9 Constellation
- 10 Antics
- 11 Prepare for publication
- 12 Complication
- 13 Weak plant

- 21 Light fog
- 22 On the sheltered side
- 25 By way of
- 27 White

SCRAMBLER

Scramble "a flower" and have "painful," rearrange and have "mineral rocks."

RIDDLES

1. When is a boy most like a wild animal?
2. How would you express in one word having encountered a doctor of medicine?
3. Why is a person who never lays a wager as bad as a regular gambler?
4. What bridge creates the most anxiety?
5. Why is the flight of an eagle a most unpleasant sight to witness?

WORD SQUARE

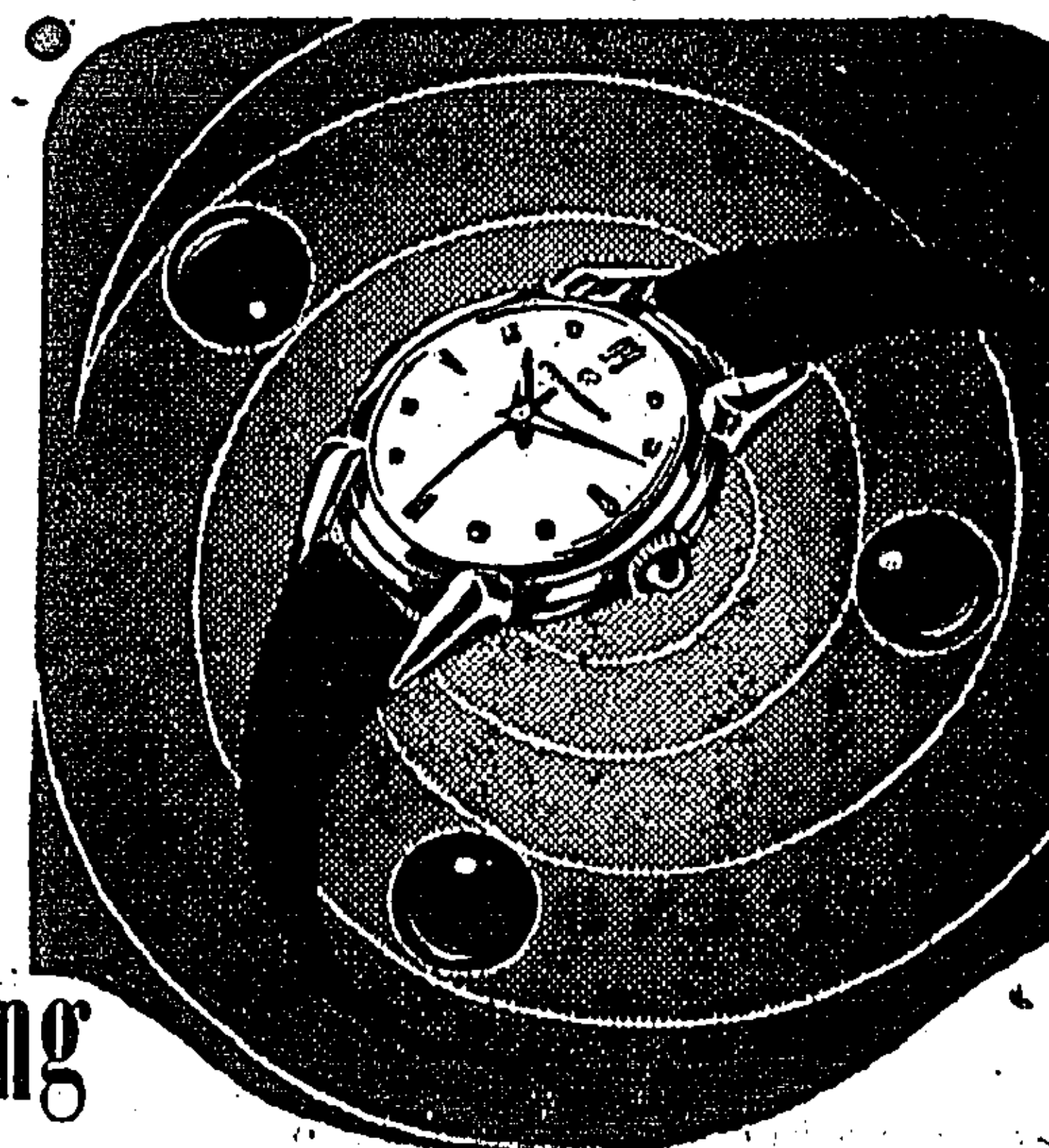
After rearranging the letters in each row of the diagram to form a good word, rearrange the rows of words so they will read the same across and down:

A	E	E	M	R
A	E	H	R	S
E	E	E	R	V
E	E	D	R	R
E	O	H	M	R

ADD-A-LETTER

Add a letter to a form of "to be" and have "a Scottish cap," another letter and have "domestic," another, and have "matched."

First
Watch
to Wind
Itself
on a
Ball Bearing



ETERNA-MATIC—you've asked for it!
A watch that winds as you wear it and stays wound 40 hours after wearing!
ETERNA-MATIC—with revolutionary winding device... exclusive in styling and performance in time-keeping qualities.
ETERNA-MATIC—look for this symbol on the dial.

ETERNA-MATIC

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What a glorious book for the young (or old)

THE ESSENTIAL UNCLE REMUS. By Joel Chandler Harris. Cape. 10s. 6d. 288 pages.

by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

BEFORE you have read five pages, you understand why these stories are one of the classics of the modern world. The Essential Uncle Remus, is a book which, in one form or another, adults have for generations been giving to (and borrowing from) their children.

The reasons? First of all, the stories are little masterpieces of narration, as natural as the air, as cunning as Brer Rabbit himself. And what miracles of blandishment are performed to conceal that cunning!

Uncle Remus looking into the distance and saying nothing. Uncle Remus filling this pipe with exasperating slowness. Uncle Remus pretending to have forgotten the story while young eyes grow rounder and shiner with an impatience all the greater because it is confident of early deliverance.

What a character is this Uncle Remus, incidentally, although never once he is described! How well we know the genial old negro!

But it is on another figure that the vitality of the stories is chiefly founded, the delicious and dominating personality of Brer Rabbit. Never was there a more shameless and attractive scoundrel than this Falstaff-Puck of the world of beasts. And never one more successful.

Brer Rabbit is a Napoleon of crime, and The Essential Uncle Remus a kind of Christmas holiday from morals. The warning is sounded on the first page, "De creature dunno nothin' 'till 'bout dat dat's good and dat dat ain't good. Dey dunno right rum wrong."

Let nobody suppose, however, that any harm can be done by this brief suspension of discipline. A deep common sense governs the child's surrender to wildest fantasy and the overthrow of laws.

The surrender to Brer Rabbit is complete. In what a state of agreeable shivers is his latest coup awaited! Will he pull it off this time? Of course he will.

Is he not the chief of the smart boys, a rabby Harry Lime whose philosophy is: "I'm

mighty glad now I know dat all de fools ain't dead—en long may dey live for ter gimme sumptin ter do!"

He is the liveliest sprite of a world of gay and lawless poetry where there is enormous mischief and no malice, and where "de littler de creature is, de mo sense dey got, kaze dey bleedz ter have."

Not that Brer Rabbit is the only hero. By no means. Brer Terrapin conducts his affairs with notable address. And there is also Brer Bull-frog, with his impertinent song: "Ingle-go-jang, my joy, my joy—Ingle-go-jang, my joy!"

Perhaps The Essential Uncle Remus, with its unfashionable emphasis on initiative and individuality, is not the best mental preparation for chilly recitations of the Welfare State. But in every other respect—what a glorious feast of high spirits for young, for old, for Christmas, for any time! And (now we are on the subject) what a pretty book publisher Cape has made of it.

Joel Chandler Harris was born in Georgia in 1848 and he lived on till 1908. It was in 1878 that Uncle Remus made his bow in the columns of a newspaper on which Harris was then working.



BRER RABBIT

A feast for the children

BOOKS are the Opium of the Nursery. Money spent on books for children will buy a longer respite for parents than money spent in any other direction.

With this axiom firmly in mind, step towards the bookshop (there is also a telephone) towards the shelves, bright as a medieval tournament, where, for instance, The Seven Stones Mystery (Evans, 6s.) beckons, with Gladys Mitchell's name as guarantee of quality.

It is, in fact, a school detective story whose ingenuity no adult would despise.

But it is aimed at school-girls, and you have a nephew in mind? In that case, the adroit performer, Percy G. Griggs, is at your service with The Bird's Cloak (Pitkin, 4s. 6d.), which treats of dangerous business in a cave under the Welsh mountains. (There really is such a cave.)

The Return of Long John Silver (Longmans, 6s.), in which John Connell has borrowed important characters from Treasure Island, is a bold venture, justified in the event.

The legend, spread by judicious writers, that pirates are out of fashion with the contemporary young, will not survive five minutes with Eric Linklater's The Pirates of the Deep Green Sea (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.); fantasy with whimsy firmly excluded. Linklater had probably the 12-year-old public in mind. You can allow three years either way.

Malcolm Saville is one of those authors who have done a great deal lately to raise the standard of children's novels. In his Strangers at Snowfield (Lutterworth Press, 7s. 6d.), adventures begin when a train Scotland-bound sticks in the snow at Shap.

Ruth Manning-Sanders, that charming writer, has made a touching story out of the life of Hans Andersen, Swan of Denmark (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.), and from Hugh Lofting comes the latest variation on a prosperous theme, Doctor Dolittle and the Secret Lake (Cape, 9s.).

Animals for fun rather than science, that is the appeal of Spring Show (Collins, 8s. 6d.), in which Helen O'Clery, helped by excellent drawings, tells how a picaresque pony is entered for the Dublin Show.

Very different is the golden nose in Dana Faralla's Dream in the Stone (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.) with its scene in Denmark and its theme in the no man's land (but every child's) land between fantasy and fact.

Arthur Stanley, who has raised the anthology to an art, compiles for Gallanz (8s. 6d.), calculated to make bed more attractive than sleep. And for young biologists, that formidable group, there is volume two of the Oxford Junior Encyclopedia (Oxford University Press, 30s.) devoted to natural history.

Firmly built on modern facts and laid in Dartmoor (natural feature, not prison) is The 13th Adventure, by M. E.

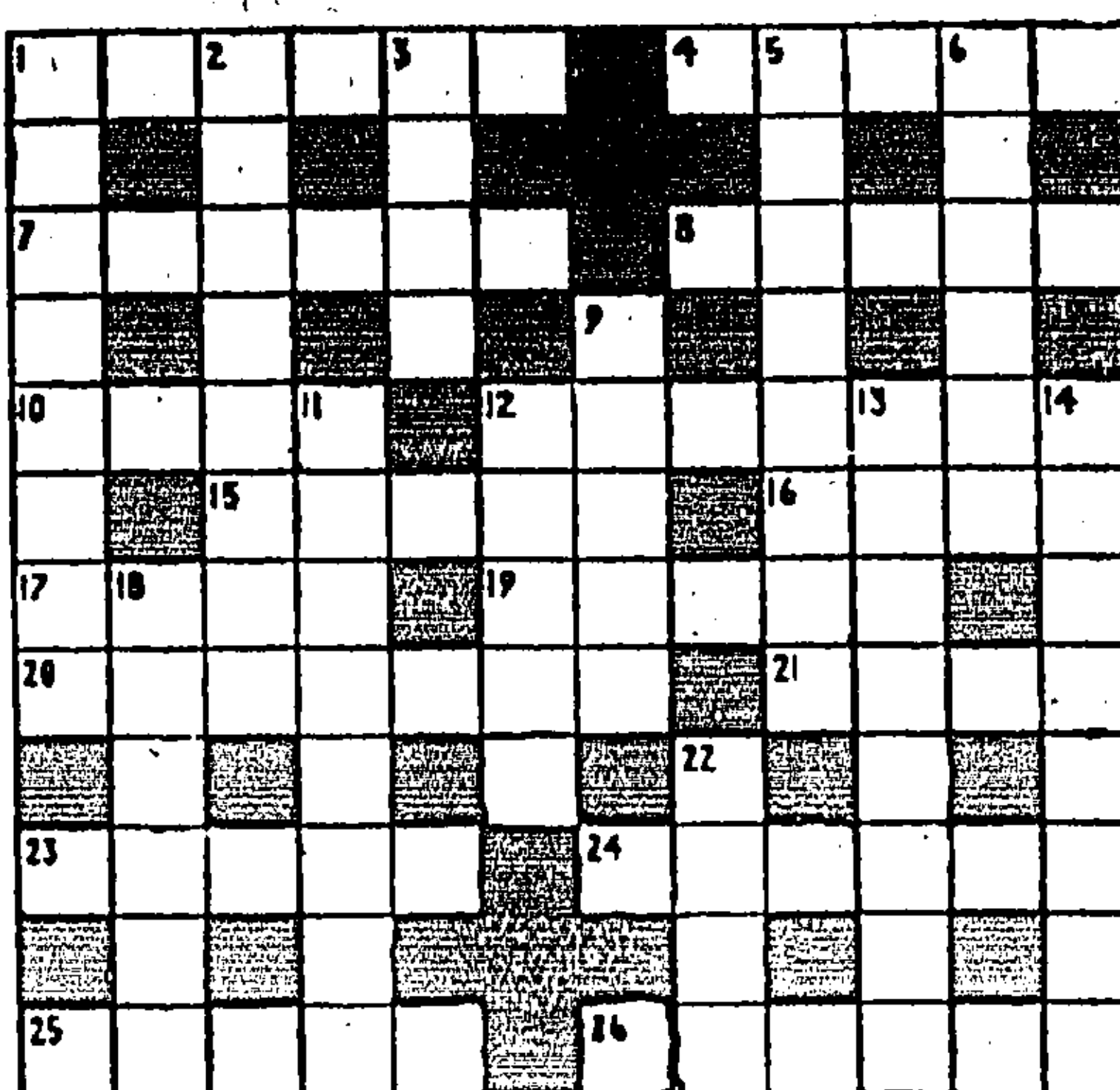
Atkinson (The Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.), an illustrated novel for teen-agers. Dusty's Windmill, by Kitty Barne (Dent, 8s. 6d.) is of the same type (scene: Sussex), with handsome line drawings. And in Marrietta Go North (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.), the established favourite Lorna Lewis composes an adventure story of the West Highlands with a romantic flavour which 10-and-upwards girls will not despise.

Lest anybody should think an English setting non-obligatory, here comes The Voyage of the Indian Bird, by Winifred Holmes (Bell, 8s. 6d.), a modern sea story of the Indian Ocean. Mainly for boys? Nowadays one cannot be sure. For younger children, with no imaginative inhibitions, comes Elleston Trevor's Badger's Moon (Falcon 6s.), which tells of a voyage to the moon by a quartet of animals. In more sober vein are the ponies, sheep and goats of White, Winter, by Eleanor Helme (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 9s.).

And here comes a sheaf of books of all sizes and several prices from the storyteller-in-chief Enid Blyton. Enough to mention a few names: The Strange Umbrella (Pitkin, 3s. 6d.), My Bedside Book (Arthur Barker, 6s.), A Story Party at Green Hedges (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), and Mr. Tumpy and his Caravan (Sidgwick and Jackson, 5s.). Obviously, Blyton has not been

(London Express Service)

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Ascribe.
- 4 Ward off.
- 7 Very hot.
- 8 Deluge.
- 10 Tumult.
- 12 Wayward.
- 15 Broadside.
- 18 Bundle.
- 19 Stretch.
- 19 Come in.
- 20 Inclining.
- 21 Accurate.
- 23 Treat with contempt.
- 24 Kind of wool.

DOWN

- 2 Return on capital.
- 2 Offer.
- 3 Hard work.
- 5 Letters in order.
- 6 Tell.
- 9 Spike.
- 11 Pets.
- 12 Occurrence.
- 13 Linger.
- 14 Rite.
- 18 Column.
- 22 Bill-of-fare.

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Sportive, 8 Astute, 9 Artifice, 11 Admitted, 12 Berg, 13 Stole, 18 Elder, 19 Open, 22 Lectured, 24 Toreador, 25 Valour, 28 Mackerel. Down: 1 Canal, 2 Stump, 3 Statue, 4 Pert, 5 Raid, 6 Irises, 7 Envy, 10 Tepid, 14 Clit, 15 Central, 16 Tomtom, 17 Metric, 20 Prior, 21 Adorn, 22 Lade, 23 Cove.

Monk's Work Looks 600 Years Old

A white cowled monk, working at a potter's wheel, is reviving an art which may not only bring dollars to Britain, but make the monastery—that of Mount Saint Bernard, in Charnwood Forest—famous for its medieval reproduction stoneware.

The potter is Father Vincent Eley, who has been at this Cistercian Abbey for nearly 20 years. He studied 14th century pottery, writing to museums for information, and then began to experiment.

An archaeologist to whom examples of his work were shown was convinced they were genuinely medieval. Two formulae for glazing which he discovered have been adopted by a pottery firm.

Father Vincent spends four or five hours a day making the pottery.

He collects clay from local factories, stone dust and ashes for glazing from the rocks and trees of the forest. He makes his own moulding tools. Visitors from all over the world buy his work, stone jugs, bowls, tankards, candlesticks, and brooches.

Father Vincent is convinced that his work will sell in the United States. Some reproduction work has already gone there. The Victoria and Albert Museum has asked for specimens. Nottingham Corporation have bought a number of pieces for their Castle Museum.



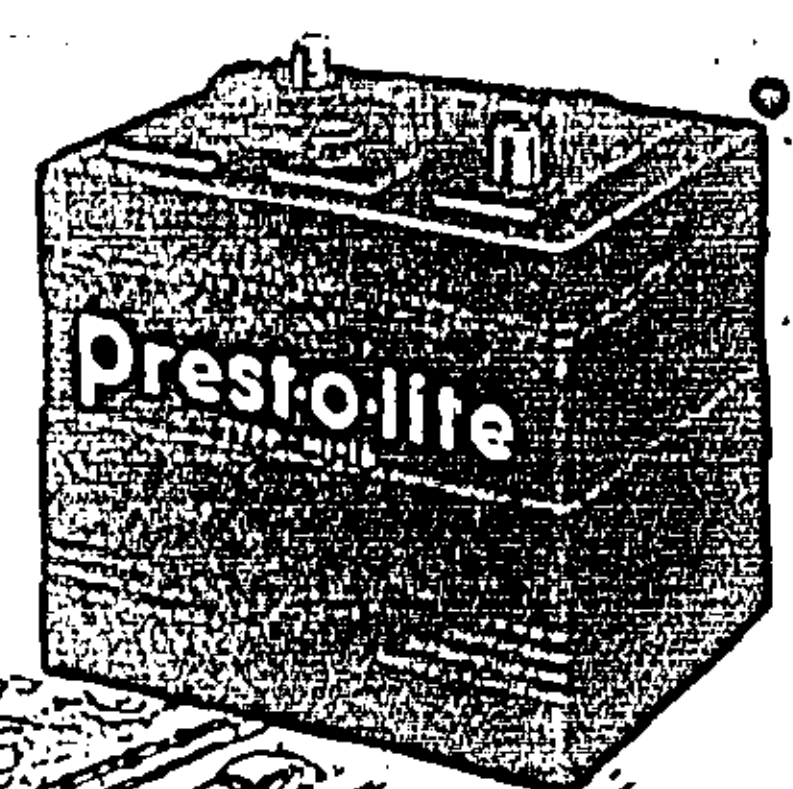
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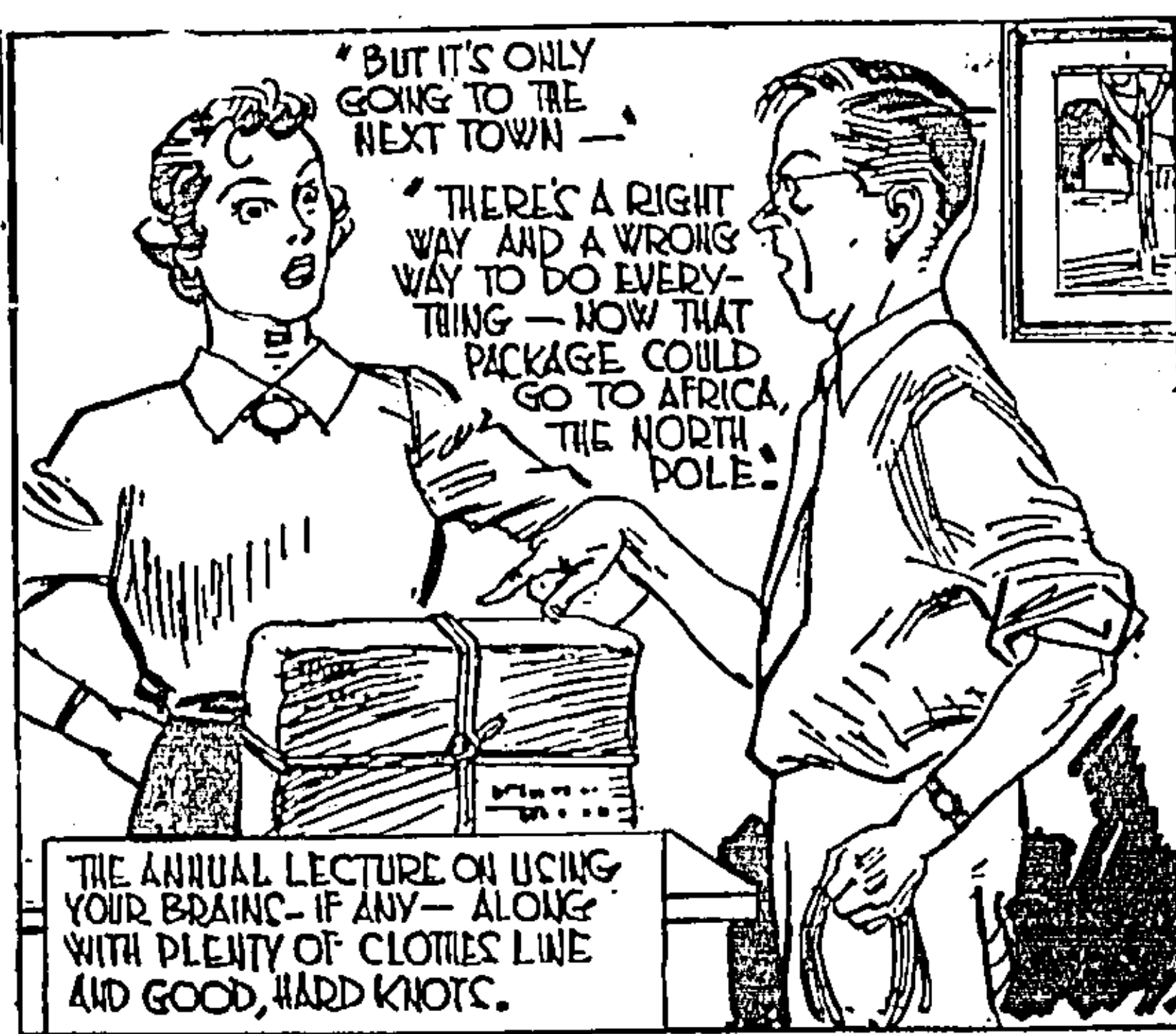


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"TAIPING"	Shimizu	21st Dec.
"YUNNAN"	Sydney	25th Dec.
"TAIYUAN"	Sydney, Brisbane & Townsville	28th Dec.
"CHANGSHA"	Sydney, Brisbane & Townsville	3rd Jan.

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"PERSEUS"	Marseilles, Liverpool & Glasgow	6th Jan.
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Scheduled sailings from Europe

Sails	Arrives
G. "CYCLOPS" 4th Nov.	18th Dec.
G. "PERSEUS" 13th Nov.	28th Dec.
G. "ANTIOCHUS" 21st Nov.	4th Jan.
G. "MENTOR" 2nd Dec.	8th Jan.
G. "AUTOLYCUS" 4th Dec.	15th Jan.
G. "TANTALUS" 13th Dec.	21st Jan.
G. "CLYTONUS" 21st Dec.	25th Jan.
G. "MEMNON" 28th Dec.	1st Feb.

G. Loading Glasgow before Liverpool.
S. Loading Swansea before Liverpool.
• Unscheduled.

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"HAINAN"	19th Dec.
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"BENLAWERS"	do	do	12th Jan.
"BENMOR"	do	do	17th Jan.
"BENATTOW"	do	do	25th Jan.
"BENBRINNES"	do	do	29th Jan.
"BENBUCHAN"	do	do	6th Feb.
"BENBRACKIE"	do	do	14th Feb.
"BENOLEUCH"	do	do	

SAILINGS

"BENVENUE"	London, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg & Hull	18th Dec.
"BENOLEUCH"	do	18th Dec.
"BENATTOW"	London, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Hamburg	21st Jan.
"BENBRINNES"	Havre, Liverpool, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Hamburg	20th Jan.
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Jacoby Umpires
Bidders' Quarrel

3109	8732
KQJ10984	A6
Q4	005
A054	KJ73
702	
04	
10985	
(DEALER)	
KQ	
AQJ1032	
A62	
Neither vul.	
South West North East	
1 Pass 1 Pass	
2 Pass 4 Pass	
3 Pass 5 Pass	
6 Pass 6 Pass	
Opening lead—K10	

BY OSWALD JACOBY

"PLEASE settle an argument for us," writes a Cedar Rapids correspondent. "We got to a perfectly ridiculous slam contract and it is obvious that there was something radically wrong with our bidding. In fact, each of us is so sure that the other one is entirely wrong that we have made a small bet on your decision."

"Here are our arguments. South claims that his hand is almost equal to an opening two bid in strength and that he was entitled to go to a slam when North showed strength by jumping to four hearts."

"North claims that his bid of four hearts showed strength all right but that at the same time it showed a hand only good for hearts and invited a slam only if South held a lot of high cards including at least three aces."

"There was considerable more argument also as you can well imagine, so we are leaving the settlement to you."

I can see how this hand would cause trouble. Strangely enough, the way the cards lie I imagine that poor South was set three tricks at his slam contract. All it required was the normal opening of the club-ten and one lead of trumps by the defence before he got a chance to trump his third club in dummy. On the other hand North would have no trouble making his four heart contract with an overtrick. According to modern expert bidding North is entirely correct. His bid of four hearts shows exactly the sort of hand that he holds. A hand that he wants to play in hearts and where he is willing to play a slam if his partner has based his three club bid on a hand such as a singleton spade three hearts to the ace, five diamonds to the ace, king, and four clubs to the ace. In the outer hand I do not feel that South should hold his head in shame. It would have required a very strong constitution to pass the four heart bid. Actually, South would have been better off had he opened with two diamonds. Then he might have been willing to pass at four hearts on the theory that his two diamond opening had shown his full strength. Incidentally, this last point is well worth bearing in mind. With many hands you will keep out of trouble if you overbid a trifle at your first turn. Since you know you have overbid, you will be able to sign off.

THE PAINTER

By T. O. HARRIS

"AND what of the painter?" he began, looking at her. "That's one colourist may-like Picasso—use only reds or blues. The device may make his real end no more selecting as it was one light from a whole galaxy. Maybe he knows a fountain geyser, or a bush if that happens to be his preference, as his source of artistic inspiration."

This nonsense vaguely suggests any criticism. It is not, however, designed to educate. In five instances two or more consecutive words form an anagram of the name of an English painter. Can you discover the five names?

YOUR BIRTHDAY

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16

If you are born today, the practical and scientific side of life appeals to you most. You approach everything with an analytical eye and want to get at basic facts immediately. You are self-confident, which is good, since you must learn never to rely upon others for help of advice. Everything you get in this world will come from your own efforts.

It is likely that you are fond of the ocean and will want to spend at least part of your life on the sea. Whenever you travel, plan to go by water. A sea trip invigorates and rests you at one and the same time.

Frank and sincere in your attitudes, you never put on a front to impress people. They either like you for what you are—or they don't! You have a personality which draws

people to you, so that chances are you will have a large group of friends. Talented yourself, you attract others with talent. Your circle should be an exciting and stimulating one.

Interested in psychic research, you may come to believe in many things which others tend to disbelieve. But since your approach is scientific, you probably will not be emotionally disturbed by the findings even if they differ from the conventional point of view.

Since happiness in your home circle is very important, select your marriage partner with great care.

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Use this day for rest and relaxation. Read, listen to the radio and build up your energy now.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Sleep is important. See that you get plenty of it right now. Don't be overambitious in your planning.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—A short, relaxing trip—perhaps to the country—will do you a lot of good this week end.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—Wait until you have tested a new idea, before committing yourself to it.

If you are born today, you are too inclined to be an extremist in ideas. You get set in one line of thought and refuse to budge, no matter what happens. While determination is a good thing, a one-track mind can be a serious liability if you are not sufficiently flexible to advance with the times.

You have a great deal of imagination and sometimes are a little too visionary for your own good. Learn how to develop your ideas into something practical. You can't be a dreamer all your life, if you expect to find material success unless you have someone who can use you as an "idea man" and develop your ideas for you.

Sometimes a marriage partner can play this role. If it is someone who can see your

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Be economical, but purchase anything that is really necessary. A hobby can prove enjoyable.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Take care of business details, particularly if they have reference to your finances.

GEMINI (May 22-June 22)—Don't get into an argument at home. Be conciliatory. And don't whatever you do, listen to gossip.

CANCER (June 23-July 23)—Your spiritual duties can bring real inspiration today. Heed advice, too.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Be thoughtful of others. An elderly person may be able to give you some good advice, too.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 22)—Pay attention to your home duties right now. Something may need fixing. Fix it!

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)—A quiet talk with someone may be helpful. Be careful in handling budget matters these days.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Spend a quiet day at home. You can bring pleasure and comfort to your family.

hopes and plans as plainly as you do and can, in addition, promote and publicize them properly, then you can benefit materially.

You crave love and affection and are happy and in fine spirits when all goes well at home. If you are unhappy emotionally, you find that life can become very difficult. Hence, to find the right mate is of the utmost importance to your welfare and peace of soul. You are not one to make a wide circle of casual acquaintances, but instead will have a few close friends to whom you will remain loyal throughout your life.

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 18

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If you have a set schedule and follow it, you can avoid confusion.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Worry only confuses the issue. If you have made a mistake, correct it quickly and easily.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Be sure that your schedule is well planned. Otherwise, you will find time slipping away too quickly.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—Let those who can help you know your qualifications. You can get what you want today.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Be diplomatic with someone who may have felt slighted. You can afford to be tactful and cooperative.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Don't be too stubborn to change your mind if you find you have been mistaken about something.

GEMINI (May 22-June 22)—Take time to take care of matters at home. Don't neglect duties. You can't afford to right now.

CANCER (June 23-July 23)—Don't speak in anger. You will regret it later on, perhaps. Be patient with others.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—There are latent talents which can be developed if only you will look for them.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 22)—Perhaps an old idea in a new guise will save the day. Investigate! Reconsider.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)—Calmness pays. Accept a new idea if it appears to be a good one. Don't be a stick-in-the-mud.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—You may find that social contacts developed today can prove useful to you in the future.

BY THE WAY

by Beachcomber

THIS is the time of year when Captain Foul-enough likes to drop in on people who have country houses. His first visit this year was to Lord and Lady Shortcake at Boulton Wyn-feyers.

The Captain made Shortcake's acquaintance by asking for a lift on a country road. He called the next day and presented the peer with a pair of antlers purloined from a club, and Shortcake, good-natured and vague, found the Captain, his guest a week later. On the first evening, the host and hostess retired to bed early, as was their custom, leaving Foul-enough to "enjoy a bit of reading" in the library. At 2 a.m. Lady Shortcake was awakened by shouting and stamping in the servants' quarters. Hastily donning a dressing-gown, she went to investigate.

Lady Shortcake is surprised

THE staff was in full song and dance, but what surprised her was to see her guest wearing the butler's bowler and pressing a bottle into the giggling cook's hand. Hailing the bowler, Foul-enough said, "I was afraid they might disturb you, so I came to tell them to make less row. I—was handing cook this bottle of sauce, which had been left about." Lady Shortcake rebuked the staff and thanked the Captain. As the guest followed her upstairs to his room, she said, "I'm afraid they interrupted your reading."

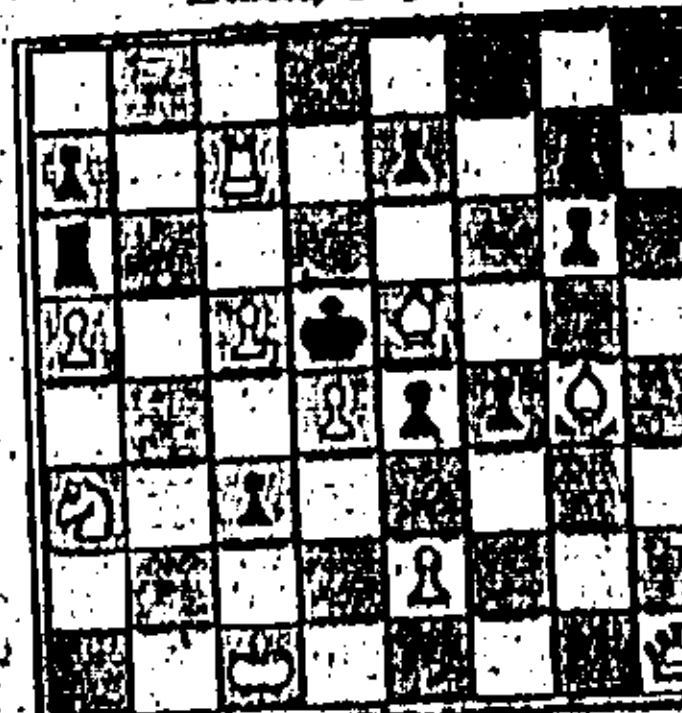
bowler?" "Oh, that," said Foul-enough. "The cook was very upset when I told her there was too much noise, so I just put on the hat to cheer her up." Lady Shortcake made no reply, but went to bed deep in thought.

Up he goes

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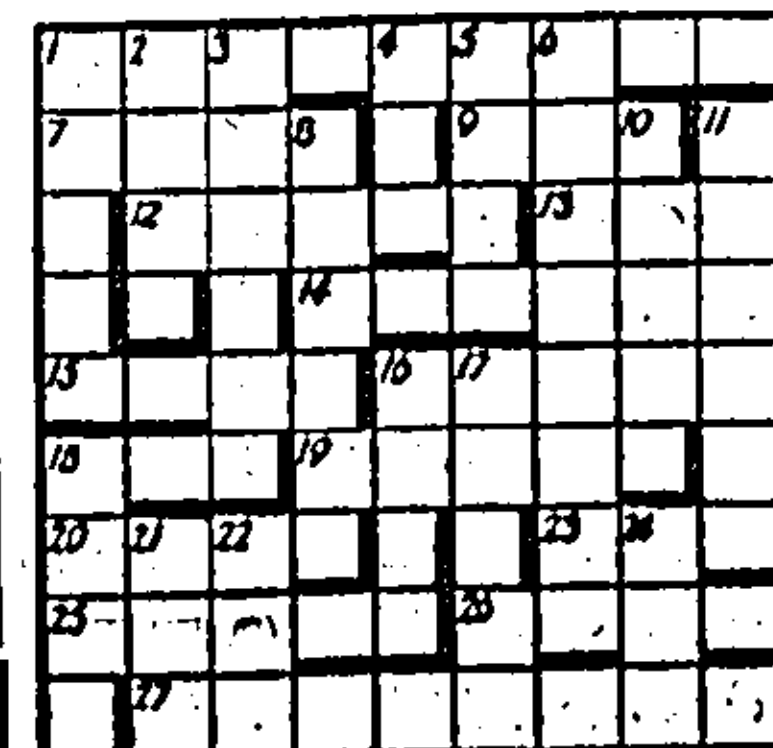
CHESS PROBLEM

By S. LEWMANN and E. A. L. KUBBEL
Black, 9 pieces.



White, 10 pieces.
Write to play and mate in three.
Solution to yesterday's problem.

CROSSWORD



Across
1. Make a this to get things out of the way. (6)
2. The making of this is a of interest to children. (10)
3. The for a chess. (5)
4. Can you find a word to store food. (8)
5. Many an Australian is so called, and so is that. (6)
6. Part of look popular to Country? (6)
7. Do let me change the letters. (6)
8. Part of lettuce the outer part. (6)
9. To hurry you'd need it. (8)
10. Wash. (4)
11. A boy, contempt. (6)
12. Quality, no doubt. (8)
13. British poet. (6)
14. Give us a broad outlook. (6)
Down
1. The proper kind of trip for an expedition. (10)
2. Put all this way on a mat. (6)
3. When one does, one misses something. (6)
4. Name of a village in France. (6)
5. Let me know when you are home. (6)
6. A colloquial used for "goodness". (6)
7. A way away, except. (6)
8. Very far. (6)
9. Often referred to as "Napier". (6)
10. Law. (6)
11. Double figure or just a voice? (6)
12. For service to music a pos. on. (6)
13. One of the 26 letters of the alphabet. (6)
14. One of the 26 letters of the alphabet. (6)
15. One of the 26 letters of the alphabet. (6)
16. One of the 26 letters of the alphabet. (6)
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25. One of the 26 letters of the alphabet. (6)
26. One of the 26 letters of the alphabet. (6)

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s.s. "CHUBA"	23rd Jan.	20th Feb.	
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Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	Due London	
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s.s. "CORFU"	10th Jan.	10th Feb.	
s.s. "CANTON"	10th Jan.	15th Feb.	
s.s. "CHUBA"	24th Feb.	27th March	
s.s. "CARTHAGE"	10th March	10th April	
s.s. "CORFU"	13th April	14th May	
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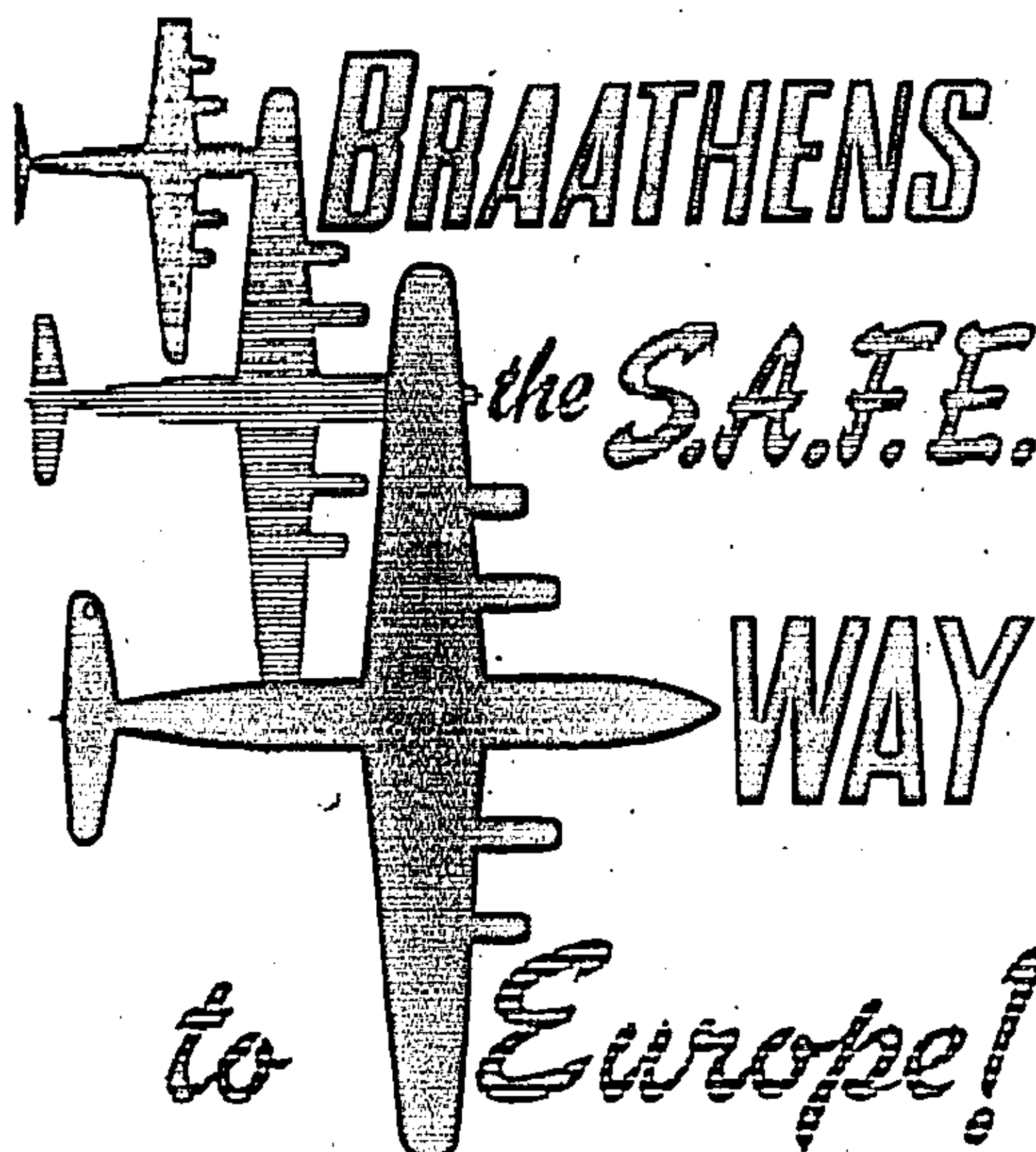
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NOTICE TO MEMBERS

THIRTEENTH RACE MEETING
Saturday, 16th December, 1950.

There are eight races. The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race will be run at 2.00 p.m.

Through Tickets (8 Races—\$16.00) may be obtained at the Comptroller Office of the Club, 1st floor, Telephone House, also tickets for the Cash Sweep on the last race of the Meeting as well as the Special Cash Sweep on the "Pearce Memorial Cup" scheduled to be run on 20th February, 1951.

To avoid congestion at the Club's Office at Telephone House, non-members are requested to purchase their sweep tickets at the Club's Branch Offices at—

5, D'Aguiar Street, Hong Kong
or
382, Nathan Road, Kowloon.

MEMBERS' BADGES AND ENCLOSURE

Members and guests are reminded that they and their ladies MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the Meeting.

NO ONE WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED TO THE MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE.

Badges admitting ladies not in possession of Brooches or Season tickets and gentlemen, non-members of the Club, to the Members' Enclosure and Club Rooms at \$10.00 including tax, for ladies or gentlemen are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him, and for payment of all bills etc.

Badges admitting to Members' Enclosure will NOT be on sale at the RACE COURSE.

The Branch Offices and the Treasurer's Comptroller Office will close at 11.00 a.m. and the Secretary's Office at 11.45 a.m. The Treasurer's Comptroller Office and the Secretary's Office are situated at 1st Floor, Telephone House.

A limited number of tickets will be obtainable at the Club House provided they are ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel: 47819).

NO CHILDREN WILL BE ADMITTED TO THE CLUB'S PREMISES DURING THE MEETING.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission to the Public Enclosure is \$3.00 including tax for all persons including ladies, and is payable at the Gate.

BOOKMAKERS, TIC TAC MEN ETC. WILL NOT BE PERMITTED TO OPERATE WITHIN THE PREMISES OF THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB DURING THE RACE MEETING. MEALS AND REFRESHMENTS WILL BE OBTAINABLE IN THE RESTAURANT IN THE PUBLIC ENCLOSURE.

SERVANTS' PASSES

Servants' passes will be issued to private box holders only, who are requested to distribute them with discrimination and to endorse their names on the passes. Holders of such passes are not permitted in the Members' Enclosure except for passing through on their duties and must remain in their employers' company.

BY ORDER

H. A. SLEAP

Secretary

MIDGET LEAGUE SPRINGS INTO ACTION



"Doc" Molthen (right) pitches the first ball to set the 1950 Midget League into action at King's Park last Sunday. Left: The Saints and Delawarees get into action. — Golden Studio Photographs.

THE SOFTBALL SPOTLIGHT IS ON THE BLACKHAWKS MEETING WITH DELAWARES

By "GRANDSTAND"

Once more the softball spotlight is turned on the Junior League as a programme of explosive tilts features the week-end card, with the Blackhaws v. Delawarees dominating the scene in a crucial tussle this afternoon which will see the leading Hawks protect their jealously guarded position against a strong challenge from the youthful Delawarees.

In the Ladies' Loop, the Canuckettes are matched against the Squaws in an evenly matched game while the front-running Wahoes tangle with a feeble Clover outfit in the Sunday morning curtain raiser.

The Senior League games on the schedule for tomorrow promise little interest as South China take on the Panthers and Overseas tangle with the Reds in two games which will see the Chinese teams emerge easy winners. The St Joseph's Baseballers tussle has been postponed.

The Blackhaws, who broke into diamond activities a few years back as babies in the minor loop under Ricardo Ribeiro's guidance, have since blossomed into a smooth, fast playing machine, and with the acquisition of class, the coaching chores have passed from Ribeiro to Rene Sequiera, who has imparted to his charges the value of team co-operation.

The Hawks' hurling staff, consist of Joey Grace and Rennie Barretto, the former being the winner of the MVP award of last year, and in view of their narrow victory over the Delawarees a couple of moons ago, when the Hawks squeaked through with an eleven-hour rally, it is generally believed that Sequiera will give the opening assignment to Grace, with Rennie standing by just in case.

The Delawarees are not to be underrated, for Tony Kwok, handling the reins for the present "babies," has been getting the squad in trim for this vital game.

Terry Lucido, who has acquitted himself favourably on the mound in the current pennant campaign, will be given another chance to better the Hawks, whom he extended to the limit at the last encounter before the side succumbed to power clubbing.

HAWKS ARE HEAVIER
On paper, the Hawks are definitely heavier with the willow wand, but anything can happen in a ball game with flag hopes at stake. Comparative lineups as follows:

Blackhaws	Delawarees
M. Gutierrez	c. G. Ribeiro
R. Nunes	1b. J. Silva
A. Gutierrez	2b. M. Gennard
E. Loureiro	3b. M. Remedios
E. Silva	ss. C. Xavier
E. Remedios	lf. C. Assumpcao
Man. Nunes	cf. J. Colloco
Al Souza	rf. R. Chaves

For years past, the Canuckettes have been a one girl show with hurler Alice Mar dishing out superb pitching, usually backed by a ragged field, but it is understood that the rookies recently signed on have showed signs of promise in their work-outs, and it seems that for Alice Alice will have good backing when the Maple Leafs tangle with the enthusiastic Squaws.

HOLIDAY FARE

Preparations are under way to provide fans with the usual Holiday gala exhibitions, with the International Series taking precedence over the other skrimishes. Rivalry among nations for the Hongkong & Shanghai Hotels Ltd. Shield, symbolic of diamond supremacy, commences on Saturday, December 16, with the Hawks and Delawarees v. the Canuckettes and the Squaws v. the Wahoes.

Entries received this year are: Pakistan (Manager Mr. Senin), Portugal (Manager Charlie Figueredo), China (Manager Y. C. Mo), Great Britain (Manager Jock Brown), Philippines (Manager Sol Ralleg), and USA (Manager Frank Glavin). In the Ladies' classic, it will be a China v. England.

62 Wickets In His 49th Season

Sixty-six years old last month, L. A. (Toppy) Woodward, hopes to complete 50 years of cricket with the Hong Kong Cricket Club next season.

"Toppy" still plays — indeed he finished last season with 62 wickets for the 2nd XI at an average of 16.5.

Fixtures are in his line, too. He still has some work to do to complete next season's list of 1st XI games, but the usual cricket "week" in July and a Summer tour in June are waiting at the door.

Portugal affair as these are the only nations who have signified participation.

Although Portugal and Pakistan have always been the finalists in recent years, the Chinese bid this season seems to be very strong as the composition of the national outfit will be selected from the cream of the Pandas, Overseas and South China.

The Americans, who are constant signers on added strength for their League campaign, will probably field their full side as representing the Stars and Stripes.

The schedule for the preliminary bouts will be drawn by the Management Committee on Sunday and will be announced in due course.

Great Britain's team, which won the trophy in the first year of the tournament, is making a determined attempt to wrest the honour from the other competitors, and mentor Jock Brown has rounded up the following: Stan Leonard, Dave Leonard, Bimby Abloh, Ingmar Eriksen, H. Hyndman, G. Pomeroy, Graham Crookdale, Willie Sprinkle, Pete Petersen, George White, Solomon Saul, Al Smirke, Billy Wilkinson, Sonny Wright, George Leaper, Eddie Lawrence, Bernard Brown, Dave Silva, Umbo Moss, and Gerry van Langenberg.

This imposing lineup will have their first practice this afternoon at King's Park, commencing 3.30 p.m.

TRADITIONAL
The next item "on deck" in the festa lineup will be the traditional New Year's Day game

between a side comprising the General Council of the Association and gentlemen of the Fourth Estate against a side selected from the seven teams in the Ladies' League.

This annual classic, which has been gaining in popularity since its inauguration four years ago, will be a real diamond extravaganza as both teams will appear in fancy dress to celebrate the birth of 1951 with an exhibition of how softball should not be played—in one easy lesson.

Invitations have been made to the following members of the fairer sex to administer defeat to the all-powerful councillors and scribes: Alice Mar, Mignon Yin, Sheila Silva, Patsy Johnson, Virgie Ribeiro, Helen Ribeiro, Dolly Brown, Thelma Cocho, Joyce Pomeroy, Gloria Sequiera, Bonita Remedios, Carmen Souza, Joyce Guest, Wanda Rodrigues, Cecile Amulphy, Marie Louise Amulphy, June Lee, Bobbie Lee, Tracy Brown and Betty Park.

The highly favoured Kitten Hawks in the Midget League suffered their first defeat when Fred Dista's Dodgers chased them 3 — 1 behind Benny Babida's scintillating pitching in which he struck out nine.

Babida was also helped by the fact that his mates only committed one error for the whole game, which in itself is an achievement in the Midget League. In the other game, Delawarees chalked up their second victory when they trimmed Jaguar Cubs 17—10.

England's soccer selectors are lucky. They have no more teams to produce for four months. The Wembley match against Scotland is not until April 14. It would have been intriguing if they had had to name a side right after the match with the Yugoslavs.

There would have been the temptation to make wholesale changes. Instead, they have a long vacation in which to make a considered study of English football, in which they can, if they think fit, decide that allowance should be made for one or two players merely being off form for the day.

But they will probably have agreed that their half-back problem has not been solved. And, even worse, that the forwards had a poor day. Having given the line extra punch by bringing in Johnny Hancock, a winger with power and speed, and centre-forward Nat Lofthouse who at least did score two goals, even if he missed others, they found the left wing having a bad day. Still, no good club manager would have been unduly worried.

ARMED IN RECOVERY
I have not seen Eddie Bailey, Spurs' middle-left, have such a quiet match for a long time. He kept running the ball into trouble and did not part with it as quickly as usual. Partner Leslie Medley suffered in consequence, though I think he did enough to keep his place.

The Yugoslavs excelled just where we expected them to be weak—in defence. Their trainer-selector, Sekula, delighted with the result, said: "I think

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Sportsman's Diary

SOCCER ISN'T ROUGHER THAN IT WAS

An announcement that amateur footballers are now making more claims on insurance companies for injuries which keep them from work—which has resulted in premiums being increased this season—has led many people to assume that football is now rougher. That is not so.

This opinion is supported by the principal of a firm handling more than a quarter of the country's football insurance business. It is not, he tells me, an increase in the number of claims made by individual clubs, but an increase in the number of clubs who are claiming.

Medical opinion suggests that bones are breaking more easily these days, and many clubs make the surprising assertion that players recover from injury more slowly.

My informant feels there is a tendency for players to stay away from work with, say, a bad ankle, because of the modern fashion to insure, and because they also collect National Health Insurance.

Premiums have been increased this year from £8 10s. to £10 for £2 a week benefit. The player receives nothing for the first seven days, but he can then be paid benefit for up to 100 weeks.

On the old rates the insurance companies have lost something like 20 per cent on their premiums. Heaviest claims have come from the Glasgow district.

A club at Ayr had 16 claims in one season, including those for players with broken legs. That club's policy was not renewed.

There was one case last year of an amateur club in the south who were asked to pay treble premiums because their casualty list was so heavy. Nine of the men had fractures. Instead the club decided to accept reduced benefits—with the result that players made speedier recoveries.

NEW RUGBY FILM
Over 200 rugby clubs have applied already for the loan of the Rugby Union's new instructional film.

At present there are only 27 copies in circulation, but any club or school which can afford to do so may buy one for £25.

The Rugby Union has done a good job. Slow motion studies of style, the talking strip and the moving diagrams have a touch of professional production.

(London Express Service)

MESSAGERIES MARITIMES



ARRIVALS
"AURAY" from Japan 18th Dec.
"BEAUVAIS" from Europe 20th Dec.
"LECONTE DE LISLE" from Japan 3rd Jan.

SAILINGS
PASSENGER/FREIGHT SERVICE
"TELIX ROUSSEL" to Marseilles via Manila 10th Jan.
"LA MARSEILLAISE" to Yokohama & Kobe 28th Jan.
"LA MARSEILLAISE" to Marseilles via Manila 8th Feb.

FREIGHT SERVICE
"AURAY" N. Africa & Europe 19th Dec.
"ST NAZAIRE" N. Africa & Europe 20th Jan.
"BEAUVAIS" N. Africa & Europe 15th Feb.

for
PORT SAID, TUNIS, MARSEILLES, ALGERS, ORAN, TANGIER, CASABLANCA, N. AFRICA, DUNKIRK, ANTWERP & ROTTERDAM

"AURAY" to Saigon 19th Dec.
"BEAUVAIS" to Saigon 24th Dec.
"LECONTE DE LISLE" to Marseilles via Saigon 3rd Jan.

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Half-back Line Is England's Soccer Problem

Says HAROLD PALMER

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"NIEUW HOLLAND"	22nd Dec.	20th Dec.
"TIBADAK"	23rd Dec.	2nd Jan. '51
"TASMAN"	23rd Dec.	8th Jan. '51
"TUTJALENGKA"	6th Jan. '51	

* Only to Singapore, Penang & B. Deli.

MANILA, EAST & SOUTH AFRICA and SOUTH AFRICA

ARRIVALS	SAILINGS
"BOISSEVAIN"	18th Dec.
"BOISSEVAIN"	19th Jan. '51
"TIPANAS"	20th Jan. '51
"TIPANAS"	1st Feb. '51

JAPAN

ARRIVALS	SAILINGS
"RUYS"	6th Jan. '51
"TIPANAS"	7th Feb. '51
"BOISSEVAIN"	7th Mar. '51

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ARRIVALS	SAILINGS
"LANGLESCOT"	24th Dec.
"MARIEKERK"	16th Dec.
"MARIEKERK"	Mid Jan. '51

Through B/L issued to Mediterranean and Northern European Ports.

JAPAN

ARRIVALS	SAILINGS
"LANGLESCOT"	22nd Dec.
"MARIEKERK"	7th Jan. '51
"MARIEKERK"	9th Feb. '51

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S.S. "FLYING CLOUD"	New York via Manila 1st week of Jan.	Tsingtao, Taku Bar, Kobe, Nagoya, Yokohama, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston via Panama Canal, 1st week of January.

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"EDWARD LUCKENBACH"	San Francisco	Dec. 19	Dec. 20	San Francisco & Los Angeles
"NORTHWESTERN VICTORY"	Strait	Dec. 20	Dec. 21	San Francisco via Kobe
"F. J. LUCKENBACH"	San Francisco	Dec. 23	Dec. 27	Singapore, Dikarya, Bombay, Karachi & Basrah
"CALIFORNIA BEAR"	San Francisco	Jan. 2	Jan. 4	San Francisco & Los Angeles
"TRILBY BEAR"	San Francisco	Jan. 12	Jan. 13	Singapore, Dikarya, Colombo

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

My "ANNA MARIK" having arrived from New York and Ports of call, Consignees of Cargo are hereby notified that their goods are being landed and placed at their risk and expense into the Hong Kong & Kowloon Wharf & Godown Company's godown at Kowloon, where delivery may be obtained as soon as the goods are landed.

Optional cargo will not be landed here, unless notice has been given 48 hours prior to vessel's arrival, but carried on from port to port to the final port of call to which the option extends.

No claims will be admitted after the 14th January, 1951, or they will not be recognized.

To comply with the General Bonded Warehouse Regulations consignees must have a Revenue Officer in attendance when damaged dutiable goods are examined.

All claims must reach us before the 14th January, 1951, or they will not be recognized.

No insurance will be effected.

JEBSEN & CO., Agents.

Hongkong, 15th December, 1950.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES

CONSIGNEES PER

BARRIER LINE

m.v. "TALLEYRAND"

are hereby notified that cargo loaded at Atlantic Coast Ports has been landed at Los Angeles under instructions from the U.S. Government where it remains at the risk and expense of cargo.

DODWELL & CO., LTD. Agents.

Hongkong, 15th December, 1950.

Christmas With The Test Players

By REGINALD H. CLARK

Crowds in shirtsleeves and sun hats—tanned, white flannelled figures on a sun-parched, wicket—heat, sweltering heat and all the thrills of Test conflict. As we sit under the fire enjoying the festive festivities, shut away from the gloom of an English winter, all the familiar aspects of cricket seem very far away.

Not so with the members of the MCC team now touring in Australia. To them, cricket is a very present reality, and it is the well-known aspects of the English Christmas that must seem very far away.

Not for them the family festive parties. They will be starting the Second Test Match at Melbourne on Friday, the 22nd, and the match will continue for a week, except on Sunday and Monday, when "Christmas Stops Play" will be the order.

On Boxing Day, however, many thousands of Australians will spend the second day of their annual Yuletide holiday at the mighty Melbourne grounds basking in the sunshine and watching cricket. Yes, it is difficult for us at home to imagine it!

What do our players think of it? Well, I have spoken to many of England's cricketers who are accustomed to spending Christmas away from their homes, and all agree that it is an unforgettable experience.

Denis Compton, speaking of his first cricketing Christmas, in Australia, says that it seemed quite unreal to see people walking about wearing white suits and Panama hats, and sipping iced drinks. "Christmas in the sun," he wrote in one of his books. "Cricket on the eve of the Festive Day—loved ones 11,000 miles away."

Ah, that is the one aspect of this cricketing Christmas that really matters to most of them, at least to those who are married. Len Hutton and Godfrey Evans have admitted that they miss their wives and children more than anything else at this time of the year. It is understandable.

"My wife and small son were my first waking thought on Christmas morning, and they were uppermost in my thoughts throughout the whole day," Godfrey Evans told me, describing his first Christmas in Australia.

The fact that everything that happened in Sydney during that 1948 Christmas was novel—even to the evening surf bathing—did not make up for the fact that his loved ones were not there with him.

Denis Compton has said, also, that when he received presents, addressed to his son Brian, from Australian admirers, he felt like catching the first boat home, so that he could act as Santa Claus.

NO LONG FACES
Let it not be thought, however, that an MCC team on tour spend the Festive Season with long faces—far from it. Everything is done to bring the true spirit of the English Christmas into their midst, even to the holly and mistletoe-decorated rooms.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES
Consignees per "BENVENUE"

are hereby notified that their cargo is being discharged into the Hong Kong & Kowloon Wharf & Godown Co's godown, where it will be at consignees' risk and subject to the Wharf's terms and conditions of storage and where delivery may be obtained.

Damaged packages are to be left in the godowns for examination by Consignees and the Company's surveyors, Messrs Goddard & Douglas at 10 a.m. on the 16th December, 1950.

To comply with the General Bonded Warehouse Regulations, Consignees must have a Revenue Officer in attendance when damaged dutiable goods are examined.

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All claims against the steamer must be presented to the undersigned on or before the 3th January, 1951, or they will not be recognized.

No fire insurance will be effected.

W. R. LUXLEY & CO., (CHINA) LTD., Agents.

Ben Line Steamers, Ltd. Hongkong, 14th December, 1950.

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m.v. "TUNGUS"

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Then, of course, there are the presents and cards from home. Christmas is Christmas all the world over to an Englishman, and these cricketers make the most of it. Gifts are exchanged between the players, and there is always a present for the manager and the captain as a mark of their respect and appreciation, from the rest of the party.

There are the "practical jokes" presents, too. I heard of one team who presented their skipper with a pair of heavy, fur-lined gloves—and this in a temperature that would have shamed an English heat wave!

Patsy Hendren, that great-hearted, little Test favourite of past years, tells of how he received a parcel one Christmas morning in Australia, and after unwrapping stacks of wrapping paper, found that the "gift" was a collection of his own belongings that had been taken from his bedroom!

Another player, who spent his time boasting to his comrades about his wonderful garden at home, received a set of toy gardening tools! A touring party always has its practical jokes.

CAPTAIN'S PARTY

Such is the popularity of English cricketers overseas that every member of a touring team could spend Christmas at the home of a cricket-loving family, whether it be Australia, South Africa or the West Indies.

But although such invitations are accepted at other times during the tour, the players and their manager always spend Christmas Day together, and are entertained to a private dinner party by the captain and the manager.

This is a real English Christmas dinner—replete with turkey, plum pudding, mince pies, paper hats and all the necessary "trimmings". And the toast is always "loved ones at home."

During the last tour of Australia by the MCC, the whole party concluded their day's festivities by accepting an invitation to a Christmas Night party.

It was held in a big hall at Bondi Beach, a very famous Sydney beauty spot, and the host was none other than that great sportsman and comedian, Tommy Trinder, who was touring "Down Under" at the time.

Players who were present told me that Tommy gave them a royal time and helped keep up the spirit of a real English Christmas.

There will be nothing like that this time, however, for our players will be forced to adhere to rigid discipline, in view of the continuation of the Test match the following day.

ONE IN FIVE YEARS

Godfrey Evans should know all about spending Christmas away from home. After his demobilisation, in 1945, he was not allowed to spend a Christmas at home until 1949. In the meantime, he had his Christmas dinner in Australia, South Africa, and at sea, en route for the West Indies. Now he will be missing from the Evans family party once more.

He told me about his Christmas in South Africa in 1948. It was spent at Johannesburg, where the team were preparing for the Second Test, which opened on Boxing Day. The players spent most of the Festive Day trying to keep cool, for the temperature rose to around 100 degrees in the shade! Christmas Day—phew!

Nevertheless, the English lads had a thoroughly happy Christmas. They were showered with gifts by their South African hosts—tobacco, cigarettes, chocolates, articles of clothing, presents for their families, too, and golf balls for those of the team who played that game—and what cricketer does not enjoy a round of golf?

LAUGHS BY EVANS

They had their usual Christmas dinner party, and Charlie Palmer (now secretary-skipper of Leicestershire) and Jack Young, the cheery, little, Middlesex bowler, provided plenty of entertainment on the piano—with Godfrey Evans supplying the laughs.

The genial Kent and England wicket-keeper certainly enjoyed that Christmas Day more than he did the previous one in 1947.

He and the other MCC players chosen for the tour of the West Indies had hoped to spend Christmas at home, disembarking on Boxing Day.

Their schedule was altered, however, and they were well out into the Atlantic when Christmas morning dawned.

Evans has told me how the ship's cooks did their utmost to provide the spirit of festive fare, and how the ship ran into the Christmas spirit.

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England's stumper found himself lying underneath a pile of chairs that had toppled over on to him.

TURKEY & TRIMMINGS

By the time he had been exorcised, dinner was served. Trying to appear unconcerned, he strolled into the rather sparsely filled dining-room, took his place at the well-laden Festive board, and started in on the turkey and trimmings.

It was not long, however, before he was obliged to depart—followed by the rather unkind laughter of those of the team unaffected by the weather!

That will not happen this year, for the players will be making the best of their Christmas in Melbourne, despite the temperature and the fact that it will be merely one of the "intervals" in the Test.

As for us at home, well, cricket may seem very far away, and yet we can share in the thrills of the Test match by means of the radio commentaries which will be a feature of the BBC programmes on Boxing Day.

So, perhaps the England players will not be entirely forgotten this Christmas—and let us hope they give us all the Christmas present we would like most—victory and the Ashes!

John Citizen Gets Pushed Around

By ARCHIE QUICK

If anyone is being pushed around in sport you can wager it will be John Citizen. What happens to him at boxing is nobody's business; at Soccer it is almost as bad. When the television viewers ensconced comfortably in their fireside armchairs sat back and watched the England-Yugoslavia international at Highbury they were provided with a white ball to see in the later stages of the game when the light was failing.

On the following Saturday, Arsenal played Fulham in a London "derby" on the same ground. The luckless spectators were kept outside the ground in long queues until 25 minutes before the kick-off because the referee had to make a decision about the fog. When the game started 10,000 people were still outside.

However, 45,000 stoics paid their money and stood the whole dank, gloomy afternoon peering through the fog at the writhing figures on the pitch. Did they get a light ball for all this trouble? Oh, dear, no.

And to add to the irony of the situation there were powerful floodlights just begging for the switch to be pulled to shed light on the darkness.

Manager Tom Whittaker said afterwards that a supply of white balls is being obtained. As for floodlighting, he said: "Quite apart from the fact that we have not got the Football Association's sanction, the fog would have bounced back the light." Yet the fog did no such thing when Southampton held an experimental match recently.

A DIFFERENT MAN

The Arsenal-Fulham match demonstrated clearly that Leslie Compton in an Arsenal shirt is a very different centre-half to the Leslie Compton in an England shirt. Surrounded by his Arsenal colleagues, he was the commanding figure against Fulham. The match also showed that Joe Mercer is a marvel for his age.

Arsenal's captain clamped the manacles on Macaulay and even such a brilliant player as this Scottish international had no scope against Joe. Equally, Forbes blotted out Brennan, and it was this combination which enabled Arsenal to win 6-1.

I don't think I have seen such a poor First Division defence as Fulham put up for a long while. Apart, perhaps, from Bazzuzi and Taylor who looks as though he may inherit the England centre-half position; none of the defence from Fulham was worth its salt, and Arsenal levelled at half speed, played havoc with them.

Oddly, of the match was

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